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# A SINNER AT BAY.

## The Story of Lucky Markham's Nemesis---A Romance of Love, Crime and Retribution.

By T. C. HARBOUGH.

Author of "The Man in Gray," "The King's Spy," Etc.

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### CHAPTER I.

### THE MAN WITH THE MASK.

"There! I feel better now. It's simply wonderful what that old wine does for me. I must have a new case. It costs money, but, pshaw! what's money to me, who can count his millions? I feel the new life in my veins now, and I can read that old story again which always gives me such relief. Time was when I wouldn't have picked up a newspaper from that infernal section of the country for all I'm worth today; but, now—now I can read the old sheet with delight, for I'm Quincy Markham, and could buy all the courts and juries in this city. Gods! What if—but I won't speculate. I'm all right; ha! ha! I'm known as 'Lucky Markham,' 'On Change,' and I am the luckiest devil in existence."

Markham, the millionaire, pulled from a pigeon-hole in the handsome mahogany desk in front of him an old newspaper which was secured with a rubber band, which he removed. The sheet showed signs of age, and he handled it carefully as he opened it to a certain page upon which his keen gray eyes fell.

Quincy Markham had repeated a nickname that seemed to fit him exactly. He was "Lucky Markham," sure enough. For years everything he touched, Midas-like, seemed to turn to gold. He was rich beyond calculation; he made money "hand [illegible]," as the saying goes; none of his [illegible] ventures seemed to go wrong; [illegible] "on top," and woe to the fellows who got [illegible] way when he was striding to more wealth.

Twenty years before [illegible] come to the great city unheralded; he then [illegible] "open sesame" to the smiles of fortune, [illegible] was shrewd and full of nerve and knew how [illegible] handle men. That's how he got rich.

He was a handsome man of fifty-six, a little austere and cold, but kind at times, especially to those to whom he took a fancy; but had no confidantes. He had his secrets like all men and he guarded them like a Cerberus.

His elegant home, which overlooked the river, a few miles from the busy city, was the most magnificent place where country seats cost thousands of dollars. And he lived there with a few servants and a beautiful young girl, whom he called his daughter, and whose name was Ninon.

Markham's wife had died before he reached the river of gold. He never spoke of her, and she seemed a visonary thing of the unopened past.

Every morning he went to the city and every evening he came back to the seclusion of River View, his luxurious home.

People called him both lucky and happy; perhaps he was; but none knew of the terrible skeleton which inhabited the closet of this nabob's home.

For half an hour on the evening when he is introduced to the reader in his library, Markham read the old newspaper with intense eagerness.

He devoured the columns like a hungry tramp falls upon an unexpected repast, and and then he grinned his satisfaction.

"Fire destroys," he said, laying down the sheet at last. "It did that time sure. What if that fellow had escaped when the old jail burned? I'd have a tough time of it now, most likely, if he should come here and take a notion that he—but there I am again! I am a fool! I saw the manacles on his wrists; I heard the sentence of the judge; I heard the whole trial. They took him to jail to await execution, but the fire spared the sheriff a job. It didn't leave anything of him but a few charred bones. Heavens! How he must have fought for life in that old jail! But fate was against him. When twelve good men and true and a fire get through with a fellow he's about done up."

He laughed again and poured out another glass of wine.

He held it between him and the light, and laughed his fill. Just then the clock struck ten and the house seemed asleep.

As the night was warm, one of the large windows of the library which looked toward the river had been opened and a breeze which stirred the outside shrubbery stole into the room, gently moving the lace curtains and cooling his wine-flushed cheeks.

Suddenly the millionaire rose and crossed the room to a large private steel safe that filled one corner of the apartment. In a minute he had pulled the huge doors apart and taken from the recesses of the safe a little box which he bore triumphantly to the desk.

There he opened the box and turned it upside down over a bit of foolscap which he had placed in a certain spot for its contents.

A few ghastly looking objects that resembled charred bones fell out of the box and arranged themselves diabolically on the paper.

Markham bent over the little heap and grinned with a grin of a fiend.

In the light of his chandeliers he looked like one.

"There's evidence enough!" he cried. "That's all that's left of the poor devil! Burned in jail, 'way down south. And I'm Lucky Markham the king of the market. Well, I should say!" and he brushed the little charred particles together and scraped them into the box.

Suddenly he raised his head and darted a quick look toward the kindow.

"I'm nervous," said he. "I thought I heard a noise out there, but the wind is up tonight. I'll bring the other things here," and he went back to the safe again.

Hardly had his back been turned ere something human in shape, but cat-like in its movements, leaped into the room through the open window.

The man—for man it was—wore a black mask over the lower half of his face.

He glanced at Markham, kneeling before the safe, with a pair of piercing black eyes and then bounded to the desk.

His feet made no noise on the carpet; he might have been shod with rubber for all that, and his movements were almost as quick as thought.

In an instant he had snatched up the box and disappeared.

Markham, the millionaire, came back to the desk with another package in his hand.

"These things fit well together," he was saying, when his eyes fell upon the spot where he had left the little box.

"What! I left it here!" he gasped. "I certainly did. I scraped the remains back into the box and left it right on this spot!" and he touched the unburdened paper. "In heaven's name, where is the box?"

His eyes seemed to dart from his head while he searched the desk in vain. Once again he returned to the wine and poured out a heaping glass which he downed as if a fever fired his throat. Lucky Markham was mystified.

The wine no longer flushed his face; it was white in spite of the demon drink.

At last he went to the window and looked out, leaning over the sill upon which he rested his long, white hands.

The wind came up from the river; he felt it on his face; but he could see nothing.

"It was quick work," he said to himself. "And who would want to steal that box? Maybe the thief thought it contained diamonds, for they know my penchant. But, ha! What a fool he made of himself!" and then, as if he suddenly viewed the matter more seriously, he continued:

"I'll hunt him down. I can't rest till I know who took that box and why. Maybe—no, nothing of the kind; but Lucky Markham won't be caught napping. I'll send for the detective tonight. I'll telegraph for Captain Velvet. He did me a good job two years ago and he's just as clever still."

That moment the door behind him opened.

As Markham turned he confronted a beautiful girl, divinely tall and of elegant figure. She stood in the doorway a moment with the whitest face Markham had ever seen.

"Ninon!" he exclaimed.

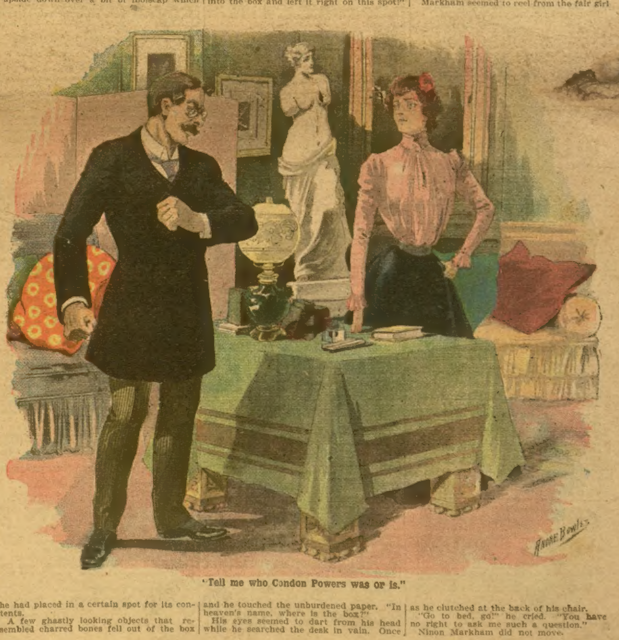
She came forward, totteringly at first, but suddenly she seemed to grow calm and stopped near him as she stretched out one of her jeweled hands.

"Tell me one thing, father," she said, never for a moment taking her eyes from his face. "Tell me who Condon Powers was or is?"

Markham seemed to reel from the fair girl as he clutched at the back of his chair.

"Go to bed, go!" he cried. "You have no right to ask me such a question."

Ninon Markham did not move.



"Tell me who Condon Powers was or is."

## CHAPTER II.

## NINON.

Lucky Markham was nonplused.

It took him a full minute to grow calm again and then he crossed the room to the open window which he shut.

"It's a little cool in here," he said, coming back to where Ninon waited for him, still statuesque in pose, and eyeing him like a hawk.

"What was that you said, girl?"

"You certainly heard me correctly. I asked you about the identity of one Condon Powers."

"What is that name to you? You must tell me first."

"It may be much or nothing at all; that depends," answered the girl.

Markham pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, then," he said, and Ninon obeyed.

At the same time the millionaire took a seat near the desk and facing Ninon.

Never before had he appearetd so cool; the sudden surprise had left him and he looked like a man who had not summoned his nerve in vain.

"I knew a man named Condon Powers, but that was years ago," he continued. "It was about the time I married your mother. At one time I thought he might be a rival and I believe your mother once corresponded with him. Did you find the name among some scraps left by your mother, Ninon?"

"You should know that I have never had access to anything left by my mother," replied Ninon. "I have no recollection of her. I was not permitted to se her face that I might remember and worship it. You never speak of her. For years you have not referred to her even in the most casual manner."

Markham bit his mustache under his thin lip and for a moment looked away, toward the fated window.

"If I have not mentioned her it was to spare you a story which I did not care to relate."

"About my mother?"

The girl's eyes flashed.

"Yes," said Markham, savagely, "about your mother."

"You never hinted——"

"It was to save you pain——"

"There! Keep the secret, for whatever it is, I would not believe it anyway. I will always believe that my mother was an angel and that she was persecuted without just cause. But let that pass." Ninon waved her hand. "I am asking about Condon Powers. You say you knew him?"

"Yes, but I'll not discuss a dead man now."

"Is he dead? Are you sure of that?" and the girl leaned forward. "I've seen him!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen at Lucky Markham's feet he would not have been more astonished.

Ninon, still watching him, saw his trepidation and seemed to enjoy it. The millionaire looked at the girl and tried to read her inmost thought. Perhaps she was playing with him. She might be trying a game to frighten him for a purpose; if so she would rue the hour she played her cards.

"Where did you see Condon Powers?" he asked.

"That is, as yet, my secret," was the answer. "You say he is dead. Prove it."

"I could do that if I desired," and Markham's gaze wandered to the old newspaper resting again in its pigeon-hole in the desk at his elbow. "I could furnish abundant proof of that man's death."

"When did it occur?"

"See here, Ninon. In God's name, what mean all these silly questions?" cried Markham, suddenly leaving his chair and halting before the beautiful girl. "Some one is playing a trick on you. Some rascal who assumes that he is Condon Powers is playing a game for a purpose and on the eve of your wedding, too. I would not be surprised if he had been put up to it by some disappointed swain."

The girl's cheeks flushed, and she stood erect before the man she had called father.

"I know upon whom your insinuations would fall," she said, calmly. "I want to say that the charge is false. Parke Wetherell is above such work, and no one knows it better than yourself. I am sure I cannot say so much of Mr. Sands. You know him, too; but I do know that Mr. Wetherell has had nothing to do with the revealment that has reached my ears."

"Where did you see this so-called Condon Powers?"

"He interests you, does he?"

"Why shouldn't he?" answered Markham. "I knew him years ago, but I have believed him dead."

"Yet, I have seen him——"

"Or a man who calls himself such."

"I know you think 'all men are liars,'" cynically answered Ninon. "You once told me that you would not trust the most honest man in the world further than you could see him."

"That is a fact. We learn that on Wall street. When did you see this imposter?"

"I saw Condon Powers tonight."

"On these premises?"

"Out yonder—near the arbor."

Lucky Markham lost color.

He stepped to desk before he spoke again and took therefrom a silver-mounted revolver, about the butt of which he eagerly wound his long, white fingers.

"What are you going to do?" asked Ninon.

"The coroner will answer that, perhaps," was the answer, as the white-faced millionaire moved toward the door. But the hand of Ninon suddednly grasped his arm, and he glared at her with the fury of a thwarted fiend.

"Don't interfere," he hissed. "This is my affair, not yours, girl. You saw this man near the arbor tonight? I'll see him, too, if he is still on the premises."

"Not yet," coolly answered Ninon. "My word for it he is not there now. You would have your man-hunt for nothing, and, besides, you are fast losing your nerve. I did not expect to see you become so excited over the mention of a name. There must be something in what he said."

"He said something to you, then?"

"Merely asked me a question."

"What did he say?"

"Not now. When you are cooler, perhaps tomorrow."

"What did he look like?" demanded Markham.

"He was rather tall and bearded. Looked like a man of fifty-five, and was well dressed. A cooler person I never saw. He came upon me suddenly, but from the first put me entirely at my ease. Condon Powers has been wronged; I don't say by whom."

"Then, you believed what he said?"

"He talked like a truthful man," said the young girl. "I could not dispute him. When I tried to question him he was gone."

"The villain! The scoundrel! I will find him yet."

"What, then?"

"I leave that to the coroner, as I have said," exclaimed Markham. "It is simply outrageous that a man in my position should be distrubed by an interloper like this, a blackmailer from somewhere, too lazy to work, a scoundrel who thinks he can break into Lucky Marakham's strong chest and help himself to the riches there. It's a game two can play at, and if I get the drop on the lurking devil I'll do all the playing myself."

The millionaire broke from Ninon's grasp as he finished and in another moment was at the door.

"Don't follow me!" he commanded, as he looked over his shoulder at the fair girl contemplating him from the center of the room. "I command you to stay here. Go to bed! You've come to me tonight like a horrid nightmare; you bring back a past I wish was as dead as Rameses. Would to heaven Lucky Markham had never seen your image. I wish the fire——"

He stopped suddenly and caught himself as if he were treading forbidden ground.

"Don't follow me!" he suddenly hissed again. "Go to bed, I say! By the Gods! I'll get rid of you as soon as possible. I'll marry you off before the time. I'll see Sands tomorrow. I'll tell him to get ready for the wedding, and I'll have it take place before the week's out."

"If you dare," cried Ninon as her lithe figure seemed to increase in statue; the door opened and shut and Markham, the nabob, was gone.

## CHAPTER III.

## ANOTHER WOMAN IN THE GAME.

An hour elapsed before Quincy Markham, the millionaire, returned to the library.

He found it empty, and, after helping himself to some wine from the side-board, he seated himself in the chair at the desk and looked perplexed.

"I've hunted the grounds over without results," said he, scarcely above his breath. "By George! This is getting to interesting for me. It's trying on my nerves, besides, and I can't stand the strain. A week of it would send me to the grave, and I don't intend to put up with it. Ninon's got terribly independent of late; doesn't take kindly to the man I've picked out for her. I told Sands she'd be easy to [illegible]e, but I'm afraid he will have a time with her now. Curse that interloper, whoever he is! Ten to one he's the man who committed the theft of the little box tonight. What will he do with it? And what did he get, anyhow? It makes me laugh to think that he took something he probably didn't want; but all the same, it worries me. I'll see Velvet tomorrow and Sands, too. I'll keep my threat to the girl, also. They will find that Lucky Markham is the hardest pigeon to pluck they ever tried. My feathers will stick in spite of them."

Before returning to the mansion Markham had visited the telegraph office at the station a few minutes' walk from River View, and had sent a telegram to the city asking a certain person to call at his down town office at nine sharp on the next day.

He did not see anything more of Ninon that night, nor the next morning when he took the train for the city. It was nearly nine when he reached his private office, looking but a little worse for the exciting incidents of the previous night. Fact is, Markham had "braced up" a little, and his nerves were in fair condition when he threw himself into his arm chair with a number of letters on the desk before him.

He ran over the correspondence hurriedly, dropping letter after letter in haste until he came to one which he looked at the second time.

It was short and to the point, and the millionaire studied it several minutes, holding it in his long hands as if it fascinated him.

Briefly the communication, written in a woman's hand, was as follows:

"Mr. Quincy Markham: I am in the city if you need my help, and I think you do. You haven't forgotten my service of years back and how valuable I was when you needed assistance. I am again at your service and I am sure I can help you at this time. Don't forget me and remember that 'a stitch in time saves nine.' 'Silence' is the word and action tells. L. B."

The millionaire seemed to recognize the initials for his eyes lit up when they saw them, and he looked around as the door of the private office opened.

The man who came in and bowed to Markham was powerfully built and had keen eyes set deeply in his head. His face was cleanly shaven and his hands were encased in darkish gloves which he dexterously removed as he dropped into a vacant chair.

"Well, I got your telegram," said this person, "and that's why I'm here. Anything important?"

"Yes, perhaps," smiled Markham. "I never call on you when there is nothing important, do I?"

"Well, no."

Markham leaned back in his chair.

"Please to shut the door—it stands ajar—and lock it, Velvet; that's it. I had an unwelcome visitor last night. My library was entered about ten o'clock and a little box of little value abstracted. But I don't care that for the box and its contents," and the speaker snapped his fingers. "It's the man I want; that is, I want to know who took the box. I'll tell you all I know."

Thereupon, Captain Tad Velvevt, the private destective, leaned back in his chair while Markham talked.

He told about the theft of the box, saying again that its contents were of no particular value, and stating that his daughter Ninon had encountered the man on the grounds and had given him a fair description of his person.

Captain Velvet was as good a listener as he was shrewd and unscrupulous, and he did not once interrupt Markham to the close of the narrative.

"You'll take the case and report to me," said Markham, in conclusion. "I've told you all I know. Come to me with a report as soon as you can."

"You want the man arrested?"

"Heavens, no! I don't want anything of the kind, not just now. I only want to know who he is and where I can lay hands on him. I'll have more work for you in the near future, Captain. I want to find out where the scoundrel dens."

The detective bowed himself out and again Markham took up the letter signed "L. B."

"So she's in the city. Ah, what's this in the envelope? A postscript?"

He ran his slender fingers into the envelope and dragged forth a strip of white paper on one side of which contained an address written in the same handwriting as the letter.

"She's got her wits about her, has Lucy Blair," he smiled. "I'll lose no time hunting her up."

In less than twenty minutes Quincy Markham reached a quarter of the city which he did not frequent.

It was not the best quarter, by any means, as his surroundings indicated, and when he rang the bell of a two-story brick house he was admitted by a woman who seemed to be expecting him.

This womn guided him to a darkened parlor alongside the hall and left him without a word.

In a few moments the listening moneybug heard footsteps outside the door and someone came in. He caught sight of a slender female figure and as the curtains of one window were pulled aside he heard a voice say:

"I thought you would come, Quincy Markham. You need me again, don't you?"

Markham looked up from the sofa which he occupied and found himself face to face with a remarkable woman. She was slim of figure, well dressed, but not handsome. Her face was sharp, her eyes very dark and her hair streaked a little with gray. She might have been forty, but it was evident that she had knocked around the world a good deal.

"I was not looking for you," said Markham. "It has been years since we met; but don't let us have any preliminaries. You say I need you. How do you know?"

"That I will not explain, for you don't want any preliminaries, you say. All right. You know me; you know that I never fail in what I undertake. It has been years since we met, but I've kept track of you. I never intended to lose you; ha! ha! I need money and you need my assistance. We can trade, I think. I will take ten thousand dollars and you will be free from him."

Markham, with a sharp cry, sprang to his feet.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

"You know."

"I did not come here to be blackmailed."

"Who's trying to blackmail you," said the woman, coolly, as she took a step toward the millionaire. "I never blackmail any one. You have heard me. I offer you my assistance which you cannot do without just now for ten thousand dollars."

"What would you do for that amount?"

"Everything but sell my soul," was the quick response. "I've got a child—my life, my all——" "You hadn't one when——"

"No, I married since then," broke in the woman. "I want money. I, Lucy Blair, will sell my assistance for ten thousand and without it you and your fortune fall to irretrievable ruin. Nothing but my skill and my hand can save you and you know it by this time. I never fail. I kept my word years ago when I was but a child, and now, a woman who knows the world, I can work wonders. What do you say? Is it a bargain?"

"But what do you expect to do?"

"Save you. You are in my hands. You are on the edge of the precipice of ruin and death."

"Pish! I've employed help; I've just hired a man of nerve," said Markham.

"A man of straw! The trade is off. I wouldn't help you now for all your millions. Here, Sarah, let this poor fool out!"

## CHAPTER IV.

## MAN AND WOMAN.

The door opened from the hall and Lucy Blair waved her hand towar dit.

"The interview is at an end, Quincy Markham," she said, "I've said my piece."

But Markham did not move.

"You can find the door, I think," continued the woman. "Good morning, sir."

She moved away and was at the door when the excited money king sprang forward with a cry.

"One moment," he exclaimed. "Let us have an understanding."

"You say you've just hired a man of nerve; go to him. He will bleed you to the queen's taste, no doubt. I'm not here to mince words. I understand that Miss Ninon is on the eve of marriage, that you have sold her to a rich young fob of the first water. You didn't let the girl choose for herself that is, you didn't approve of her preference. You'd sell her as they sell fair slaves in the oriental markets. Oh, Quincy Markham, the years haven't removed any of your sins."

A cold, bitter laugh followed the woman's last words and in another moment she was gone.

Markham, the nabob, stood like one utterly dumbfounded at the door and heard the footsteps of the strange woman die away in another part of the house.

At first he thought of pursuing her and continuing the interview, but, biting his lip and inwardly cursing his indescretion, he turned in the other direction and let himself out upon the street.

"She can't bleed me and I'll put Velvet on her track and between the mill stones of persecution and power we'll crush her like an egg shell. Money will do anything. I know how to use it and by heaven! I'll show this creature that I won't be blackmailed by her. I am Lucky Markham in more ways than one."

The owner of River View got through the day's work as soon as possible. He had another interview—this time with a handsome young man—which we need not detail, and when he went home the shadows were long and cooling.

He entered the library and shut the door behind him. This time the windows looking toward the river were down and the room seemed close, but he did not care.

He turned on the light and opened the steel doors of the safe where he kept his private valuables. He was stooping before the great doors when he heard a footstep

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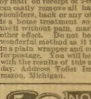

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behind him and the next moment he turned to confront a man.

How the stranger had gained admittance to the mansion Markham did not stop to ask.

He was there and that was enough and as the millionaire looked at his unbidden guest a quiver for a moment shook his frame and he seemed to lose his nerve; but he almost immediately recovered.

"Pardon me, but I don't know you," said Markham. "We may have met before, but the circumstance has quite escaped my memory."

"Perhaps, for you seem to have a treacherous one," was the quick rejoinder. "I guess I won't enlighten you just now. I'm here on business. I want a paper signed."

"A what?"

"A paper that concerns both of us. Here, have the goodness to step to the desk and sign this."

"This" was a bit of paper which the man took from an inner pocket and spread before the millionaire. Markham eyed him like a hawk for a moment and then his eyes fell upon the paper. Mechanically he stepped forward and looked at the writing on the sheet.

He did not read two lines before he raised his eyes to the smooth-faced man who regarded him closely.

"You must think I'm a fool," said Markham, savagely. "I'll sign nothing of the kind."

The stranger reached for the paper, but Markham, who had suddenly resolved upon a desperate purpose, threw himself upon him with the fury of a tiger.

The attack was somewhat unexpected, for the stranger was taken unawares, and the two men, locked in a desperate embrace, went across the room toward the wall. Not a word was spoken as they struggled on the soft carpet that sent out no sounds at at all and their breaths met hotly with their flushed faces almost touching.

It was a fairly equal battle between two strong men, for Markham had sinews and muscles of steel and knew how to use them. He tried to clutch his enemy's throat, but every time was dexterously baffled and the touch of the stranger's hands was like ice to his blood.

At last Markham got his man against the wall and held him there despite his struggles.

"In another minute I'll be all right," he said to himself. "I've felt these cold hands once before in my career. It was in a warmer climate than this and they haven't lost any of their infernal iciness. I must kill this man or I'm lost. I must conquer here or feel these same hands at another time and place. If I can make way with this fiend I won't have any use for Velvet or Lucy Blair. I'll be my own rescuer and will be entitled to all the credit."

These words chased each other like sparks of wildfire through Markham's brain.

His long hands were at the stranger's throat.

He tried to sink his eager fingers behind the windpipe; he threw all his strength into the effort and found to his indescribable joy that he was succeeding. It seemed to him that the enemy had reached the end of his tether; he had exhausted his powers and was succumbing to the millionaire's. The battle was almost over.

Quincy Markham threw his last remaining strength into the conflict as he closed anew on the throat beneath his murderous hands. He was bound to win and end the matter right where he was.

He saw the face before him turn black. It goaded him to desperation and he gritted his teeth as he tried to tear the windpipe from its nest.

"Now or never! With this man dead I am safe. With him at large, I am doomed! My millions will not avail to save me from his satanic powers. I'll finish the game right here!"

Thus thought Markham as he grinned with fiendish delight over the almost unrecognizable face before him.

He heard the door open at his right and some one enter the room.

A glance told him that it was Ninon.

The young girl looked neither to the right nor to the left, but crossed the carpet and extinguished the light.

In an instant the room was in darkness and Markham, scarcely breathing, held his almost dead antagonist against the wall.

A strange silence filled the darkened library and the millionaire wondered what Ninon would do.

"I can't hold him up very long," he thought. "He is getting as heavy as a man of stone. I must lower him and that will alarm the girl. Where is she, anyhow? I can't hear her. Surely, she hasn't gone away. Perhaps, after all, she slipped out."

The moments waned, but Markham heard nothing. He felt that his enemy was dead and he imagined that he could see the staring eyes and the blackened face.

"Well, here goes. I must let him drop," he thought, and the following moment the human figure slipped from his grasp to the floor.

The fall was a little heavy and as it sounded, Markham drew back, taking in a long breath of relief.

That instant he heard a slight ejaculation behind him and the light flashed up again.

Tigerishly, with his deadly hands clenched as if seeking another victim, the money prince wheeled and faced Ninon.

As beautiful as ever, the light of his house stood under the jet, her gaze riveted upon the inanimate object at the foot of the wall, while her white face told the intensity of her feelings.

"I told you the coroner would have the last throw if we met," suddenly exclaimed Markham. "There he is, and fool he was to walk into my hands."

Ninon bent forward and looked deeper into the face upon which the light fell.

"Oh, he's dead," laughed Markham.

"If he is then my work begins. If you have killed that man yonder then I will teach you that there is a vengeance which the law knows nothing of! Stand off! Don't touch me!"

Markham stepped aside and watched the fair girl as she strode from the room.

"By Jove! you're a cool one. Will you be that cool at the altar tomorrow night?" he laughed.

Ninon was already gone.

This thrilling romance will be continued. The Ledger makes a splendid offer of free cameras and patterns to subscribers on pages thirteen and fifteen.

## Stopping a Stampede.

An army officer has recently told a story of fine courage, in the Chicago Record, a story which loses nothing from its homely language.

One of the slickest things I ever saw was a cowboy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six hundred had broken away pell-mell, with their tails in the air, and the bulls at the head of the procession. They were heading straight for a high bluff, where they would certainly tumble into the canon and be killed.

You know that when a herd gets to going it can't stop. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for that herd, but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came in right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on the edge of that bluff, halted and looked around at that wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed and was so excited I could not speak.

Well, sir, when the leaders had got within about a quarter of a mile of him I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quickly. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them stop and commence to nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear-guard was.

You see that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course and emptied the bag.

## One of Our Heroes.

The brightest page in the history of any war is, perhaps, that which records the thoughtfulness of the officers and the faithfulness of their men—qualities which; when conjoined, make a regiment of almost irresistible force. In "The Story of the Rough Riders," Edward Marshall tells how, when Captain McClintock was wounded, one of his troopers came and lay down beside him.

"You'd better get out of this," said McClintock. "It's too hot."

"Don't worry, captain," the man replied. "I'm between you and the firing line."

McClintock, touched as he was by this exhibition of the man's devotion, still wanted him to get away. He urged him to leave him. The man refused. Finally McClintock said:

"I'm your captain, and I order you to go. You are doing no good to any one but me. This is no place for a well man. I order you."

Then the man had to tell.

"I ain't no well man," he slowly admitted. "I'm shot."

"Where?" asked McClintock.

"Oh, it's only a scratch!"

They lay there in silence for a long time.

The firing began to come in from the left. The soldier worked his painful way around until he was again between McClintock and the line of fire. McClintock was too weak from loss of blood even to speak. Then a hospital man came along and lifted McClintock to carry him back.

"Take him, too," McClintock managed to articulate.

"No use," said the hospital man. "He's dead."

## Courtesy Versus Convenience.

Matt W. Ransom, late senator from North Carolina and minister to Mexico, made politeness a point of conscience, and his manners were celebrated throughout the capital. One day as he was walking to the senate chamber, according to a story told in the Washington Post, he saw approaching him the very worst bore of his acquaintance. The senator was alarmed. Many things were on his mind at the time and he dreaded the thought of half an hour in such company.

Nearer and nearer came the bore, but as he smiled and touched his hat, Ransom's feelings overcame him. With a short "Howdy-do," the senator brushed swiftly past.

The bore had paused, but evidently hurt at this curt dismissal, proceeded sadly on his way. Ransom's conscience smote him. His conduct had been such as it had never been before. After ten steps he turned and with a pleasant smile, called back:

"Good-by, Simpkins. I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins."

The bore's face relaxed delightedly. "Ah!" said he, returning.

Ransom waved him back wildly with both hands, crying:

"I've been thinking a mighty heap about you lately, Simpkins, but don't come back, Simpkins, don't come back!"

## Johnson and Grant.

It will be remembered that President Johnson, during his term of office, made a roundabout speaking tour from Chicago to Washington. He was accompanied by General Grant, Admiral Farragut, Secretaries Seward, Welles and Randall, and General Custer. It was his purpose to prove to the people that he was right and congress wrong, but the Chicago Inter-Ocean, in describing an incident of the tour, shows how difficult he found that undertaking.

At one point a crowd of fifty thousand people had gathered, mainly to see Grant, Farragut and Seward. There was tremendous enthusiasm, and the president was elated. But when he rose to speak the crowd hissed and hooted, and shouted for Grant. The people were turning the tables on the president by using Grant and Farragut to humiliate and punish him. Johnson understood their purpose, and was as furious as he was helpless. In every interval of quiet he attempted to speak, but his words were lost in the thunder of the shouts of Grant.

It was a painful spectacle, and everybody was embarrassed. The crowd would not listen to the chairman or to any other local celebrity. General Custer, then at the height of his popularity, stepped forward, in his dramatic, imperious way, believing that he could quiet the tumult. The crowd was friendly, but it would not listen to him, and the dashing cavalryman took his seat, with the remark that he would like to clear the ground with a brigade of cavalry.

The president, after looking down on the smiling, contemptuous faces below, turned to Grant, who had retired to the rear of the platform, and said, petulantly:

"General, you will have to speak to them."

General Grant said, in a decided tone, "I will not!"

Then the president said more graciously, "Won't you show yourself, general?"

Grant stepped forward, and after a round of cheers, the people became perfectly quiet. Waiting an instant, Grant raised his hand, made a gesture toward Johnson, and said:

"The president of the United States."

The words were few and simple, but they spoke volumes. Grant's face was full of indignation and reproach, and the crowd, accepting his rebuke, listened to the president for an hour.

## What Others Thought.

Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," told with keen relish of a rebuff given him by a little girl who knew him only as a learned mathematician.

"Have you ever read 'Through the Looking-Glass?'" he asked her, expecting an outburst of delight.

"Oh, dear, yes," she replied. "It is even more stupid than 'Alice in Wonderland.' Don't you think so?"

Wordsworth could not conceal his chagrin when he heard that his neighbors, the farmers, described him as "a daft, idle body, who went moaning about the hills and had not wit enough to raise a field of oats."

The following anecdote of Henry Clay was told by one of his personal friends:

While making the journey to Washington on the National road, just after his nomination for the presidency, he was traveling one stormy night, wrapped up in a huge cloak, on the back seat of the stage coach, when two passengers entered. They were Kentuckians, like himself. He fell asleep, and when he awoke found them discussing his chances in the coming campaign.

"What did Harry Clay go into politics for?" said one. "He had a good bit of land; he had a keen eye for stock. If he had stuck to stock-raising he'd have been worth his fifty thousand. But now he doesn't own a dollar."

"And," the great Kentuckian used to add, "the worst of it was, every word of it was true."

It was characteristic of the man that at the next stopping place he hurried away and took another coach, lest his critics should recognize him and be mortified at their unintentional rudeness.

* * *

All that glitters is not gold, but it is usually capable of being promoted.

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They Are the Most Important Organs of the Body.

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Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

Is that great human engine, which decides the health of every man and woman, working properly?

Are symptoms like the following staring you in the face every day:

Weak, sluggish circulation.

Puffy or dark circles under the eyes.

Sallow, yellow, unhealthy complexion.

Urine cloudy, milk-like or stringy; dark in color or offensive.

Painful, scalding sensation in passing it.

Dull, heavy headaches, dizzy, tired feeling, faint spells, irregular heart.

Obliged to go often during the day, and to get up many times at night.

Pain or dull ache in the back.

Feeling of oppression and apprehension.

Restless, irritable and hard to please.

All fagged out, run down, sleepless nights and discouraged.

If you have any of these symptoms, take the advice of one who has made a life study of just such diseases and look well to yourself, because you have kidney trouble.

If your urine when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys need immediate attention.

Bright's disease, which is destroying more human lives than any other disease, may be stealing upon you.

The symptoms you have noticed are the danger signals nature sets to show that the track of health is not clear.

Take Swamp-Root, the famous new discovery, whose fame is being heralded by grateful men and women, saved from untimely graves by its immediate and marvelous power over diseases of the kidneys and bladder.

Especially in cases of Bright's disease is Swamp-Root winning new friends every hour.

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To prove what Swamp-Root will do for *you*, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you, free by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book of wonderful Swamp-Root testimonials. This book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured.

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If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at drug stores.

# THE GOLDEN SKULL.

## *The Strange Story of the Rajah's Jewels--- From India to America---An Entailed Curse.*

By E. BURKE COLLINS.

Author of "A Modern Heathen," "A Gilded God," "The Silent Witness," Etc.

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### CHAPTER III.

### IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.

Rex glanced furtively about him, a strange feeling of helplessness creeping slowly over his heart. No one seemed to observe him except the girl, whose eyes were fastened upon his face with a compelling look; a look of eager supplication. It was as though she saw his danger, and would stand between him and peril. The words he had spoken in her defense that night were the first kind words to which Madge had listened for many a day and they had sunk into her heart—never to be forgotten. From that hour, the poor, untaught mountain girl would have laid down her life in Rex Davenport's defense. Their eyes met now in a comprehensive glance. Rex nodded slightly, that she might see that he understood and would obey.

Madge began to busy herself in setting the table for the supper which the traveler had ordered, while the old woman cooked a palatable meal in the little back kitchen. When it was ready she placed it on the table and motioned Rex to sit down. She left the room, speedily, returning with a huge cup of strong coffee, which she placed beside his plate.

"'Tisn't everybody as knows how to make coffee—real good coffee," the old crone remarked, as she did so, "but old Granny Bunting knows! Oh, ho! she knows!"

"It's very strong," observed Madge, and Rex felt that the words concealed a warning.

Granny chuckled.

"Strong? Wal, and a tired man needs strong coffee to rest and refresh him. Jest you drink that coffee, stranger, and you'll feel to be another creeter."

Rex shuddered. He could read between the lines, and knew that there was a horrible concealed meaning in the old hag's words.

There was a faint rap at the door. Granny Bunting opened it, and there upon the threshold stood a man. A lithe, graceful figure—the dark face and peculiar aspect betraying the East Indian. It was Zeba. But of his very existence Rex had, of course, known nothing, therefore the East Indian had no interest for him. Zeba made a profound salaam.

"I have lost my way," he began, in his slow, soft, musical accents. "I would remain here until the morning, if it may be so?"

And he glanced in the direction of the two men. They were still playing cards in the opposite corner, apparently absorbed in the game. Granny Bunting came to the fore with alacrity:

"To be sure! To be sure!" she croaked, "and mayhap the good gentleman yonder will share the meal with you?" And she glanced into Rex's face with a question in her bleared old eyes.

## CURES BLOOD POISON

A Trial Treatment Sent Free to Al Who Suffer From Any Stage of the Disease.

Cures Cases That Hot Springs and All Other Treatments Failed to Even Help.

There has been discovered by the State Medical Institute 209 Elektron Bldg., Ft. Wayne, Ind., the most remarkable Syphilis cure ever heard of. It has cured all such indications as mucous patches in the mouth, sore throat, copper colored, spots, chancres, ulceration on the body and in hundreds of cases where the hair and eyebrows had fallen out and the whole skin was a mass of boils, pimples and ulcers this wonderful specific has completely changed the whole body into a clean, perfect condition of physical health. Every railroad running into Ft. Wayne bring scores of sufferers seeking this new and marvelous cure and to enable those who cannot travel to realize what a truly marvelous work the Institute is accomplishing they will send free to every sufferer a free trial treatment so that everyone can cure themselves in the privacy of their own home. This is the only known cure for syphilis. Do not hesitate to write at once and the free trial will be sent sealed in plain package.

A sudden impulse prompted Rex. Of course he knew nothing of Zeba's former connection with Ainsworth, and indeed he had never seen him before. Zeba had followed his late master like a sleuth-hound, and as he had possessed quite a sum of money, which he always wore concealed upon his person, and his personal wants were few, he had found little difficulty in following in John Ainsworth's footsteps, his eyes fixed upon the lode star within the traveling bag. His eyes were fixed upon the bag now as he sank into a seat quite near it; then they wandered to Rex Davenport's face and rested there for a moment as though studying its every line. Had he found his match in this frank, fearless young fellow, who looked capable of holding his own anywhere?

"I will share with this gentleman, certainly," returned Rex; and Zeba drew a chair to the table and seated himself. "Some more coffee, if you please," added Rex.

A moment later Madge appeared with another cup of coffee on a small waiter. This she placed upon the table, and while the attention of the other occupants of the room was engrossed by a slight altercation which had arisen between the two card-players, Madge dexterously exchanged the cups and placed the first beside Zeba's plate.

In the meantime, Rex had taken a mental survey of the situation. It was evident that he had fallen into very doubtful company in this out-of-the-way place; but he was lost in the wilderness, and the thought of going out into the night and darkness again, to wander about until morning, was not a very pleasant one. Would it not be better to wait here until morning? It was after midnight now. He could defend himself in case of trouble, and also defend the bag with its valuable contents.

"Of two evils, I choose the least!" he finally decided. "I will risk it here tonight. And I have my revolver; surely, there is no danger!"

Supper over, Granny Bunting cleared the table, and ordered Madge off to bed. The girl cast a significant glance in Rex's direction.

"Good night, Miss Madge," said Rex, courteously.

Granny Bunting laughed aloud—a coarse, cruel laugh. "Miss Madge! Ha, ha! Hear that, Bill?" turning sharply to one of the card-players; "our Madge has got to be 'Miss!' Reckon this place will be too little to hold her arter this. Thar'll be no doin' nothin' with her now!"

The man whom she had addressed as Bill, arose to his feet and strode—tall and awkward in hob-nailed boots, into which his nether garments were tucked—over to Rex Davenport's side. Upon his ugly face which was adorned by immense black whiskers an angry scowl rested.

"See here, stranger!" bringing one huge, hairy hand down upon the table with a resounding blow, "none o' that now. I objects to your fillin' that gal's head with pison nonsense! That thar gal, Madge, has been a heap o' trouble to us, and I don't want no foolishness from her. She's my gal, stranger. I'm goin' to marry her arter a bit."

"Well, I am sure I wish her joy of her bargain!"

The words fell from Rex's lips before he had had time to consider their effect; and as soon as spoken were regretted. He had made a mistake in arousing this fellow's ire, and he realized it when it was too late. The man's dark face grew red and wrathful; his small eyes blazed with anger.

"Jest you mind what I say," he said, in a hoarse voice, "the gal's mine, and I intend to have her. There ain't no use in your soft words and looks. You let her alone, or"—he hesitated and gazed full into Rex Davenport's face—"you will wish you had!" he added, significantly. "That's all I have to say!"

"Attend to your own affairs," retorted Rex. "I know nothing of the girl. I leave here in the morning and never expect to see her again. And now, as I am very tired and sleepy, I would like you to find me a place to lie down."

He turned to Granny Bunting as he spoke. Her eyes flashed and Rex saw it. Instinctively he prepared himself for what was to come. He arose slowly—yawning prodigiously as he did so. And then he saw that Zeba—lying prone upon the floor whither he had dropped silently, stealthily—was sound asleep. So, the coffe had been drugged! It was very evident, and Rex secretly blessed Madge for rescuing him from the fate which had threatened him.

# Slocum's Triumph Over Consumption!

## *The Celebrated Cure of Sargent Johns, of Hunter, Texas.*

## GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS TO DIE.

Consumption has at last found a master in the Slocum treatment, which marks a new era in medical practice.

While noted physicians all over the world were bowing to the supposed inevitable—giving up their consumptive patients to die—Dr. T. A. Slocum, the great student and scientist, was working to perfect his discoveries for utterly routing the deadly germs from the system. And when the goal of his ambition was reached he immediately set about proving to doctors and patients everywhere that his discoveries were not imaginary. Week after week thousands of Slocum's free treatments were sent broadcast where consumption, weak lungs and pulmonary diseases held victims in their iron grasp.

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Cures—absolute cures, each a crowning triumph to Dr. Slocum's unerring genius. Written testimony of miracles wrought poured in from every state in the Union.

Many of the most wonderful testimonials have been published in these columns, but the following is also worthy of reproduction.

Read it:

Mr. Sargent Johns, of Hunter, Texas, writes:

"For nearly six years I had weak lungs which developed into consumption two years ago. I got down so weak that I had to give up all work. After doctoring in vain my physician told me I could not get well, and must die. He also refused to give me any more medicine, saying it would be a waste of money. I came home and told my family I must die, but while looking over the Globe-Democrat I saw an account of Dr. Slocum's famous discoveries and sent to him for a full course of treatment, and it cured me. To-day I am sound and well; weigh as much as ever and can do a big day's work. God bless Dr. Slocum, who has at last found the only cure for consumption!"

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The system contains four separate preparations, each a miracle worker in itself.

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To further demonstrate to the world the value of his discoveries Dr. Slocum has arranged to send out at once several thousand more **FREE** full course treatments, consisting of the four preparations, to all who white for them.

Simply address Dr. T. A. Slocum, 98 Pine Street, New York., giving your express and post office address and stating that you read the announcement in the Chicago Ledger.

No matter how many discouragements you have met with, Dr. Slocum will cure you.

If in need of expert advice, Dr. Slocum will thoroughly diagnose your troubles free of charge, and tell you how to get well quickly.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above is a genuine offer made by America's foremost medical specialist in pulmonary and lung diseases, and we urge every reader of the Chicago Ledger who is afflicted to send for the free treatment, because we know the proposition to be an honest one. It should also be your pleasure to notify all suffering friends of this great free offer and thereby be instrumental in restoring them to complete health. It is a pleasure to do our part in the good work.

"Poor child," he said to himself; "her's is a hard lot! She does not look as if she belonged to the same race that these ruffians belong to. How came she in this place? I wonder."

But Madge had disappeared and Rex was left to follow old Granny Bunting up a rickety ladder at the farther end of the room, which led to a rude loft above. There he found a rough truckle bed which looked clean though coarse, a chair and a pine table, upon which granny placed a lighted candle. There was one window, with a heavy wooden shutter.

Rex placed the bag upon the table, and glanced into granny's wrinkled face.

"I believe I never was so tired in my life before!" he exclaimed, yawning once more.

A swift look of delight flashed over the hag's countenance.

"This mountain air makes people sleepy," she observed, "and you must be tired. Wal, stranger, I bid ye good night."

"Good night."

She was gone, and then Rex perceived for the first time that there was a sliding door to the opening in the floor, by which they had entered the loft. After Granny Bunting had stepped down upon the first round of the ladder she closed this door with a little dexterous movement, and Rex heard a heavy bolt shoot into its socket below. So he was a prisoner in this den. He went to the window and threw it open, but as he leaned out and peered through the darkness, he uttered a low cry of horror. This edge of the house was built upon the very edge of a precipice—probably two hundred feet in depth. So attempt to escape from the window meant certain death—dashed to pieces on the rocks below. That was why it had not been considered worth while to fasten the window. No one but an insane person would attempt to escape in that way.

A shudder of horror went over the young man's strong frame. Here, in this death-trap, what was there left to hope for? "I will sell my life dearly," he said, resolutely. He put his hand in his pocket for his revolver. It was gone! Some one had dexterously relieved him of it, while he was below. The knowledge made Rex turn pale.

He saw the whole horrible plot now. Once disarmed, and having, as they believed, drunk the drugged coffee, Rex Davenport would be supposed to be asleep in a short time. Then how easy to unbolt the trap-door and ascend to the loft; once there, no escape was impossible. A leap from the window meant sure death on the rocks below. He uttered a low moan.

"I am doomed!" he cried, bitterly. "I see no way of escape. Whichever way I turn, death stares me in the face. Heaven help me. And yet, must I die? At least, not without a hard fight!"

A sudden resolution fired him. Rex Davenport was no coward, and although the odds were all against him, he determined to sell his life for the highest possible price. He arose and looked eagerly about him; his face growing calm and resolute, his eyes full of a smouldering fire. "I will not give up like a coward and craven!" he said, sternly. "I will defend my life as long and as well as possible. But wholly unarmed, the chances are three to one against me!"

He had a chair—a stout, wooden chair—for his sole weapon of defense. He laid his hand upon it with a firm grip, for he heard footsteps, stealthy footsteps, stealing up the ladder from below. Just then there was a slight sound like a bird pecking at the window. He uttered a cry of astonishment. Surely, unless he had gone suddenly mad, there was a human face pressed close against the window!

### CHAPTER IV.

### IN THE HEART OF THE WILDERNESS.

In the humble home of the Ainsworths, mother and daughter waited eagerly, impatiently, for the coming of their loved one. As his letter told of his safe arrival in San Francisco and departure for home, there was, of course, every reason to believe that he would be with them, inside of a day or two at farthest. Yet that time passed, and he did not come; then another day and another, until a week had drifted by; yet John Ainsworth neither came nor wrote, nor in any way apprised his family of the reason of his delay. It was maddening to that frail, feeble invalid, to live, buoyed up with the hope—daily, hourly—of being with her husband from whom she had been so long parted; and then to feel the bitter, bitter disappointment when he did not come—the sickening pangs of hope deferred—the awful anxiety and mental suffering which fell with double weight and force upon Mabel Ainsworth, because of her feeble condition. Every morning mother and daughter would comfort themselves with the assurance that he would be with them before night; every night they would feel their hearts sink a little lower, their hopes going down to zero. Daily, hourly, the suffering and anguish increased and gradually hope died. All inquiries failed to elicit any information. They knew that Ainsworth had arrived safely at San Francisco, but there the clue ended.

Mabel Ainsworth felt that she would never recover from the awful blow. Day by day, she grew weaker and frailer, and at length the time came when she could not leave her bed.

And then began the struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Poor Marigold did everything that she could to earn a little money; their small reserve fund would soon be exhausted, and there would be no more coming in, save the few dollars that Marigold earned, mending lace, doing plain sewing, leaving no stone unturned that her mother might not want for nothing. But the day came when the poor girl realized that all her efforts were vain; her mother was dying. It seemed more than she could bear.

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Having given our Whiskey a test from the sample received and it suits your taste, pay to the Express Co. $3.00 less the 50 cents sent with your order, making $2.50, and they will deliver you the package containing four full quarts of whiskey. If you are not satisfied with the sample sent you, notify the Express Co. to return the goods to us and we will immediately refund the 50c received from you.

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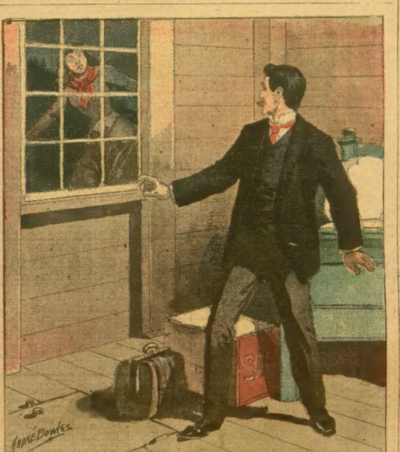

There was a human face pressed against the window.

"Ah, mamma, mamma!" she sobbed, as she knelt beside the bed, "papa is dead; I feel it, know it—must you go, too?"

The thin, white hand was laid upon the girl's bowed, golden head.

"We knew that I could not live long, my darling," the invalid said, softly, "and your father's strange disappearance has hastened the end; but we must be resigned. Marigold, my child, your father is dead. I saw him last night in a dream. And I know that he would come, or communicate with us in some way, if he were alive. God help my child to bear her loss!"

Marigold wound her arms about her mother's neck and the two were silent, but their hearts were full.

"Marigold," said Mrs. Ainsworth, "I had a very strange dream or vision last night, as I told you. I saw your father—pale and bleeding—as though badly wounded; his eyes were closed, but all at once he opened them and pointed at something near him, I could not see what it was. His lips moved, as though to speak. I bent my head and caught the word 'jewels.' I looked all around me. It seemed to be in the midst of a forest, a wild spot. Then I thought that still pointing before him at the object which I could not see, he whispered softly 'good-by' and died. Marigold, I cannot forget the dream or shut it out from my memory. What does it mean? I am not usually superstitious, but I confess this troubles me. I suppose my mind is weakened by my illness."

Marigold tried to soothe her mother with tender words and kisses, but her own heart was heavy and sad. From that time, Mabel Ainsworth faded fast, and one sultry August day she closed her tired eyes forever, and Marigold was alone.

Oh, the lonely desolation of the child's heart! Who can picture it? Only those who have also been left desolate and friendless. But Marigold was obliged to conrtol her grief, and meet the present exigencies as calmly as possible. There was a small sum left from the money which her father had sent to them, and she was enabled to bury her mother and pay all liabilities. When everything was done, all the last sad duties attended to, the girl sat down to think over the situation.

If it was true that her father was dead, then she was quite alone in the world. Was he dead? And why had they not heard, one way or another?

"Perhaps he never started home, but has fallen ill, and is in some hospital in San Francisco," Marigold concluded. "I can bear this suspense no longer. I will go to San Francisco and search for my father. If he is ill my place is at his side. If he is dead I must know it."

The more she considered this move the more reasonable it appeared. She confided her intentions to the kind-hearted neighbor who had given her shelter since her mother's death. The woman tried to persuade Marigold to relinquish what seemed to her a wild scheme, but the girl's heart was sore and heavy and she had made up her mind to go. Just then an unexpected occurrence took place. A letter arrived one day for Mrs. John Ainsworth, returned from the dead letter office—and when Marigold opened it she found that it contained an order upon the New York firm which had employed her father, for two hundred dollars, payable either to Mrs. John Ainsworth or her daughter Marigold. It was money that John Ainsworth had left in care of the firm, upon which his wife might draw in case of necessity. He had made it also payable to Marigold in case of her mother's illness and incapacity for attending to business details. When he arrived in San Francisco he had thought it prudent to send the order to his wife, in case anything should happen to him on his journey home. A few lines were enclosed, to the effect that he was about to start for Philadelphia. But by some error or through absence of mind, some of the inexplicable reasons for such blunders, he had made a mistake in addressing the envelope, and it had miscarried. It had landed in the dead letter office some weeks before, and from thence was forwarded to the right address and at last had reached its destination. Marigold obtained possession of the money, and her preparations were soon completed for her long journey. It was a formidable undertaking for a young girl all alone; but her heart grew strong at thought of her father, and she felt that she could fight a hundred battles, make her way through all dangers, bear, suffer anything—to reach her father's side.

One bright morning in September Marigold started on her journey to find her father—dead or alive.

They were in the heart of the western wilderness when a fearful storm arose, such a storm as had not been seen in that region for years. The train slackened speed and finally came to a standstill, while the passengers crouched in their seats, clinging to each other, and frightened almost beyond control. In the midst of it all, a young man entered the coach in which Marigold was sitting while the conductor attempted to calm the fears of the timid women passengers. The young man came hastily to the conductor's side. He was tall and fine-looking, with dark eyes and wavy, brown hair and mustache.

"We can go no further," he said, in a low tone. "I have been out exploring. The road-bed is entirely destroyed and the train cannot proceed a foot. The telegraph wires are down—we are storm-stayed here in the heart of the wilderness without a dwelling for miles, and no way to procure food. The outlook is not pleasant. In fact, with all these women and children, the prospect is something appalling."

Cautiously as he had spoken, the words reached Marigold Ainsworth's ears, and a shudder of horror passed over her frame. She half-arose from her seat, trembling with nervous terror; then sank back again. The young man lifted his cap.

"I beg your pardon, Miss——" he said, courteously, "but I hope you will try and be brave in this emergency. It cannot be long before relief comes, and in the meantime, we will do all we can to make the ladies comfortable. My name is Harvey," he added, "Alan Harvey, and my father is president of this road."

Marigold bowed.

A swift wave of admiration surged over Alan Harvey's heart, and he felt that he could make any sacrifice to alleviate her distress. Just at that moment a sharp, blinding flash of lightning with a simultaneous crash of thunder struck the train, and then an awful silence settled down.

### CHAPTER V.

### ON THE TRACK.

Rex Davenport heard the faint tapping at his window ,and his horrified eyes were able to distinguish the outlines of a human face peering at him through the pane. How in heaven's name could any one get there? Below yawned a precipice of at least two hundred feet; then, how could any living creature reach the window sill? Slowly, he crept toward it, impelled against his will, for it seemed to his sound, common sense that it must be a creation of his own brain, and not a possibility. He threw up the window and this is what he saw: A stout rope dangled from overhead and a slender, girlish figure crouched upon the window sill, gazing wildly, eagerly into the room. One glance and he recognized Madge. With a startled ejaculation, he caught her arm in a firm grasp.

"Madge! Good heavens, child! What are you doing here?" he queried.

"Hush-h! They will hear you! Granny is coming up the ladder even now. If something does not delay her, she will be in your room directly; and then—unarmed and at the mercy of those two devils downstairs, your life will not be worth a straw. Can you fasten the trap-door inside, to keep her out as long as possible?"

Rex glanced helplessly around. There had once been a bolt upon the trap-door but it was broken now, and only the sockets remained.

"I thought of that," said Madge, eagerly, stepping into the room, "here, I brought a piece of wood; it was all I could get and it is not very strong, but is better than nothing."

She drew from her pocket a bit of wood, and Rex seized it with avidity. But it proved to be too large, and when he searched in his pockets for his knife, it was gone.

"No matter," said Madge, "you must trust to heaven that you get away before they come. Perhaps they will wait longer—if they hear you moving about up here."

"I might move the bed on to the trap-door," suggested Rex. But the bed proved to be fastened to the floor.

"Come," said Madge, "there's only one way—you must get out of the window and climb up on the roof. The rope is strong, and I have fastened it to the chimney stack; it will hold your weight. Go, sir—or they may come up here!"

Rex picked up his traveling bag. He felt that his life would be worthless if the bag were to fall into other hands than those for whom it was designed. He stepped swiftly to the window.

"You first, Madge," he said.

"Never mind me, sir. I want to see you safe."

"But I could not do that. Beside"—a sudden thought striking him—"you must go first to show me the way."

He felt that this would be the only way to induce the girl to take precedence. He was right. A moment more and she had stepepd out upon the wide window sill, and catching hold of the rope, clambered like a cat, up to the roof of the house.

"All right," she called, softly.

Rex glanced up and saw the rope descending slowly in his direction, until it dangled just over his head. One moment, and grasping the traveling bag in one hand, he reached out, and caught the rope in a firm grip. A moment's pause and then he began the difficult ascent, doubly difficult to him, burdened as he was with the heavy bag.

Slowly and painfully, he clambered up on the roof, holding his breath almost, as he caught the sound of voices below, and realized that the wretches were going up to the room he had just vacated. Once there, and finding him gone, would they not hunt him down to his death? That their object was robbery he was convinced, and murder would be done, before they would relinquish the hope of gaining possession of his valuables.

Madge, crouching near the chimney stack, called softly:

"Come this way, sir. We must slip down the eaves from the gable, and then we can jump to the ground."

Rex understood and grasping the precious bag, he clambered like a cat in the direction that Madge had taken. Encumbered as he was, the odds were against him. It seemed several times as if he must drop the burden that he bore; but at last, the goal was won, and he stood safe upon terra firma. Madge crept softly to his side.

"Just follow that path," she whispered, pointing out a narrow path which wound in and out among the trees, and—no—wait; I will show you. Follow me!"

She darted away like a deer, and Rex folowed her, unquestioningly.

"See! There is the straight road to Dudley," she said, at last, coming to a halt. "I know you came from the wrecked train; that is five miles from the town of Dudley, and once safe in the town you can get a horse to take you back to the wreck. Be very careful and keep your eyes open. Get a good stout stick, as you are unarmed, and just follow this road as I direct you. And, now—good-by, sir. I thank you for all your kind words to me tonight."

"Thank me, Madge? How absurd! Why, I owe you a debt I can never repay! Child, I owe you my very life! God bless you! I suppose we shall never meet again, Madge, but I shall not forget you, and—stay! what is your other name, my child? Madge what?"

Her face flushed.

"They call me Madge Winter," she said, softly. "I do not know whether it is my real name. I remember being brought here when I was a child and I have lived here ever since with Granny Bunting and her son Bill. I hate him, and I am afraid of him."

"Madge, I am going to help you if possible," returned Rex. "When I reach home I shall lay your case before my mother, and if she can see her way clear to help you I will write to you—to Dudley. Can you read and write, Madge?"

"Yes, sir. There was a school teacher stopped here once for some time, and he taught me all I know. I like to learn and so I have never forgotten. I thank you for your kindness, Mr.——"

"My name is Rex Davenport; here is my card. If you need a friend at any time, Madge, write to me."

"I will."

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

HAD TOBACCO HEART

Hon. Wm. A. Heil Tells How He Overcame a Killing Habit.

Cigars, Cigarettes and Fine Cut Had Nearly Destroyed His Nerves.

The Hon. Wm. A. Heil, of Newpert, Ky., has a very vivid recollection of the harmful effects of tobacco and probably would not have lived to be cured had he not by mere chance run across a free trial of a new remedy recently discovered by a Cincinnati chemist.

Mr. Heil's greatest danger came from inhaling the fumes of both cigars and cigarettes; and added to these was an insatiate craving for chewing tobacco. His heart beat wildly, his nerves were all unstrung, and as he puts it, in two months he would have been in the grave or a mad house. The remedy which cured Mr. Heil is called Tobacco Specific, and anyone can have a free trial of the remedy by sending name and address to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 499 Fifth & Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio. Write at once for the free trial. The test will cost you nothing and will show you a remarkable antidote for nicotine. It is a splendid remedy for anyone who uses tobacco and will save to many a man the price of a suit of clothes, that otherwise, would be blown up in smoke.

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Jakey Coldstein's War Balloon Trust.
THE SERENADE.

# WAS DREYFUS GUILTY?

### *Who Sold the Bordereaux---Love, Gold, and Intrigue---A True Story of the War Secrets of France.*

By COUNT VON TROMPEKRAT.

Translated by George M. Young for the Chicago Ledger.

Begun in No. 41, October 7. Subscriptions can begin with that date, or back copies can be procured from our agents, or by mail from this office.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## AGAIN FOUND GUILTY.

As Lobori fell he still clutched the precious Dreyfus papers, which he kept under him in such a way that he lay upon them.

He supposed the attack of the assassin was designed to take the papers from him, and, even though he supposed himself mortally wounded, he clutched the documents so valuable to his cause.

His piteous cries for help brought loving friends to his aid, and he was carried to his home.

Eminent surgeons were called in, and the police were set to work searching for the assassin.

"Will the case be discontinued on account of the condition of the attorney for the defendant?" was asked by the whole world.

"No."

The court appointed to try Dreyfus, like many courts in England and America, was chosen with instructions what to do, in the very beginning.

They were to convict.

"There is no need for delay."

The president of the court declared, shrugging his shoulders, "there are plenty of good attorneys in France who can take the place of M. Labori."

But none who understood the case so well, or who can enter into it with such zeal. No other one has his heart so wholly in the cause," pleads Demange.

"Yet, we cannot indefinitely postpone a trial in progress. M. Labori may die, or may linger for many months."

The wife of the prisoner, with pleading face and tearful eyes, stood silent, and yet her mute appeal was more eloquent than words could have been.

Her appeal and the logic and wisdom of the eloquent Demange were all in vain. The trial was forced to go on.

Demange proved himself a power in the great struggle.

He met the accusers with logic and evidence that would have overwhelmed any prosecution that had not been prejudged in advance.

"Dreyfus must be convicted a second time to save the army of France from disgrace." was the illogical and unrighteous decision of the enemies of the unfortunate man.

On the night after the attempt at assassination, the baroness de Delden was seated in her cosy apartment sipping a glass of wine.

Never had the baroness seemed more at ease than on this occasion. Her heart seemed filled with the joy of triumph; and but for one little blunder in her plans, her joy would have been complete.

"I did not like him—I don't like him yet. It was a bungling piece of work on the part of Jacquez, but perhaps it is as well. I don't care specially to have his life, though it is absolutely necessary to keep him out of the way. He is dangerous to our cause. Dreyfus must be convicted.

"Now I wonder what Major Esterhazy is doing? His wife—ha! ha! ha!—has commenced divorce proceedings. It is really amusing. There is a ruffle in their conjugal bliss, it seems. Too bad, I declare, and yet it is laughable. It is ridiculous. The Madame Esterhazy is jealous of me, the papers state. Indeed, it is an acknowledgement of the disparagement of her own charms which I would not think she would be willing to confess."

At this moment a maid appeared and said:

"There is some one at the rear door to see my lady."

"Who?"

"The small, slender man."

"What! Jacquez, the fool! Does he intend to put his head in danger and my own, too? I will not see him——"

Then as the maid turned to go with her answer, she called:

"Stay! Upon a second thought I have changed my mind and you may tell him to come in. I will see him. Send him to me and see to it that we are not interrupted."

In a few moments Jacquez, the cringing, nervous, adoring lover, but hideous to behold, entered the presence of the baroness.

"My lady!" he cried, dropping on his knees before her.

"Well, sir!"

"It is done!"

"And why are you here? Did I not bid you fly from France."

"But, my lady; so charmed am I with you that I must return for one more smile."

"Jacquez!"

"Yes, my lady."

"Do you know what I think of you?"

"You have thought well of me."

"I have thought you a fool."

"What, my lady!"

"An idiot!"

Jacquez wrung his hands and groaned.

"Every hour you remain here increases your danger."

"What is danger to me when there is a hope of winning such a love as yours——"

"Love! Love! Don't talk to me of love; you sicken me. Have you for a moment allowed the foolish hope to enter your breast that I could ever care for such a miserably ugly mortal as you? You are loathsome and disgusting to look upon. You, who know nothing but the courtesy of a menial. You are a serpent in human form, you hired assassin, to think for a single moment that I care for you. Ha! ha! ha! it is ridiculous." During her speech the eyes of the assassin were flashing with a dangerous fire.

He rose from his kneeling position, trembling in every limb.

"Madame!" he hissed, "makes a devil of me!"

"Your hands are red with blood."

"Who urged me to do this?"

"If one hires an assassin does one care to make a companion of such a wretch?"

He stood swaying as if he would fall, but he retained his position.

"It was you, mademoiselle," he continued, in a rambling sort of way; "it was you who made me do the deed."

"You bungled at it in such a way that you disgrace a common assassin."

"Madame, I did my best."

"You bungled in the affair at Devil's island."

"I was shot, my lady. I shed my blood and have risked my life again and again for you. It was all for you. I cared nothing for these affairs. What was it to me whether Dreyfus was guilty or innocent. I cared not, my lady. You were the influence that drove me on."

"'Now, I am done with you. Go and never let me see you again. Here is a purse; take it and go!"

He let the heavy purse of gold drop to the floor, and looking in her face, said:

"Does my lady realise that I am a desperate man?"

"Yes; therefore take the gold and go. You are no doubt a desperate man, engaged in a desperate cause, and will come to a desperate end. Therefore, go. I bid you go! The guillotine awaits you if you stay here."

A strange, sickly smile came over his face and in a low, hissing voice, he said:

"Aye, the guillotine! The name is sweet. It is a sharp argument, but it ends all woes. What has the poor despised Jacquez, the hunch-back, the monstrosity, to live for? Let him go to execution, but, by the God above, the Baroness de Delden will go with him. Ha, ha, ha; if we cannot live together we can die together, and the rich blood of the fairest lady in all France shall mingle with the blood of the hunchback, the horrible monstrosity. Ha, ha, my fair lady; come, we will go to death together!"

But the Baroness de Delden was too much for him.

"You fool, you idiot! Don't you know that I have an abundance of proof against you, and proof of my own innocence. Do you think me so short-sighted as not to see this course in advance?

"While I would not care to have the name of arresting an assassin myself, I can do it. I will ring the bell and send for a gen de arme, if you wish it."

She took a step toward the bell knob and was about to lay her hand on the button, when he sprang forward and seized her wrist.

"Hell! Don't do that!"

"Will you go?"

"No!"

"Then I will ring."

"No, you won't!"

With a giant's grasp he dragged her into the middlde of the apartment.

"Why will you not go?"

"I will go only with you. Come with me!"

"I will not!"

"You shall!"

"It is impossible! I cannot go!"

"You can. I have provided a disguise for you. Here is a suit of boy's clothes," and he unrolled a bundle of male attire.

"Don them at once and let us be going!"

The Baroness de Delden was a woman of remarkable presence of mind and coolness. She stood, bold and defiant, smiling on the man who stood before her threatening and persuading her to follow him. She drew herself up to her full height and said:

"Go, fool! Do you think I, who am courted by all the rich and great of France, will now elope with the scum of Paris? Go, you vile monster, go!"

"By God, if you don't go with me you shall die, with me," he cried. "I have that here, quite as sure and keen as the guillotine."

He whipped out his dagger.

He sprang toward her.

"Back!"

The brilliant electric light flashed on the polished barrel of a pistol in a small, lily hand.

But that hand was steadied by the devil.

The aim was accurate and the hammer raised.

The wretched Jacquez saw at a glance that if she touched the trigger, the bullet would pierce his heart.

He stood irresolute.

"Drop the knife!"

He did so.

"You've been a soldier and know something of military orders. I will give one."

"About face!"

He wheeled about facing the door he had entered.

"Forward, march!"

He started toward the door and she said:

"Now, if you turn or halt you will be pierced through with a bullet!"

Without a word, sullen and morose as a conquered but still angry bull, the assassin left the house.

The baroness, a conqueror and utterly heartless, stood glancing after him in her splendid rage.

The tigress is beautiful and the beauty of the Baroness de Delden was not unlike the queen of the jungle.

She was cool, she was daring and desperate.

The Baroness de Delden was such a woman as only cosmopolitan France can produce. Her existence in any other country would be impossible. She was indigenous to an atmosphere that begets sensation. She was without a heart. She gloried in conquest by beauty and the power of the physical.

She had seen Esterhazy, one of her slaves, driven in disgrace into exile, without pity. She had seen Dreyfus, an innocent man, suffer such torments as never man suffered before. But they were nothing to her. She was unmoved.

Now she had driven away that poor, miserable wretch who had braved the guillotine for her. She hated him, she hated every one, save herself.

The Baroness de Delden is today one of the most dangerous specimens of the human family that perhaps lives.

The Dreyfus trial dragged on.

The poor prisoner and his lovely wife sat through all the long trial, occasionally moved to tears at recital of their wrongs.

Often he asked her:

"Lucie, where are the children?' '

"They are with my mother," she answered.

"Are they dead?"

"No, no; they are alive and well."

"Why are you in mourning, then?"

"Because of your wrongs."

"Why do you not bring my children to me, Lucie?"

"They must not see their father until he is free."

Then he bowed that poor head, prematurely grown white, and with a half-suppressed sob, murmured:

"They will never see me in this world."

"Oh, yes, they will, Alfred, dear. Don't despair. You will come out of this all right. Don't be discouraged, my poor husband."

"No, no; the court has been formed

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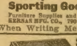

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VICTOR MANFG. CO., DEPT. T 19, 161 to 161 Plymouth Place, CHICAGO, ILL.
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against me. Their minds were fully made up before the trial began."

"No, no, they look like honest men."

Then he would whisper in her ear:

"There are no honest men in the army. The army does not make men honest."

"Let us hope some may be honest and independent enough to declare you innocent."

"There is no independence in the army. The men are machines and must do what their superior officers command them, whether it is right or wrong."

All her efforts to cheer him up were in vain.

Throughout most of the trial he sat like one dazed or in a stupor, which has given rise to the story that he was drugged.

Then at times he would flame out with rage, denouncing his persecutors as liars and perjurers.

After one of these outbreaks he would sink back in his seat moaning:

"All my wrongs, and I innocent! Five years at Devil's island. My wife and children! Oh, God! Oh, God! I cannot stand it!"

This heart-broken outburst would have melted a stony heart to tears, but it had no effect, whatever, on the enemies of Dreyfus.

They looked not to his innocence, they cared not for his suffering. They only knew that Dreyfus must be convicted or they would suffer.

The White Lady and Veiled Lady were always present. No one knew who they were.

They spoke to no one and were a mystery. Shrewd reporters tried to interview them, but they eluded them.

Their interest in Dreyfus was published in every newspaper in Europe and America.

The air of mystery and romance about them made them doubly interesting to the anxious public.

Labori, despite his dangerous wound, recovered in a marvelous short time, and was brought into the court room on a litter, where he aided in conducting the defense.

The defense was ably managed, but after all it was a failure. The court was organized to convict, and they brought in a verdict of guilty.

The faithful wife swooned and for awhile could not be comforted, but when she found the whole world was on their side, and that the verdict was regarded as an outrage, she became more composed.

"We will save him yet, we will save him yet!" she declared.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### CONCLUSION.

A few days after the verdict, which for a second time convicted Dreyfus, the country in the region of the Alpine Paris, through which Napoleon suddednly burst on an unsuspecting enemy, became horrified at the outrages perpetrated by a desperate outlaw and robber.

The mountaineers in the vicinity began to arm themselves and look out for the robber.

One bright forenoon while the sun was gilding the mountain peaks, two mountaineers were leaning on their rifles watching the sunbeams playing at hide and seek upon the peaks.

"Oschner, where did this outlaw come from?" asked one of the mountaineers.

"That cannot be told. Some say he is a Spaniard, others a Frenchman, and that he is native of Paris, Bertanni."

"Oschner, I would that I would catch a glimpse of him."

"'Bertanni," said Oschner, with a mysterious shake of his head, "it is said he is a desperate man. That he is wizard whom a rifle ball will not kill."

"Give me but a trial, and I will put him to the dust."

"Well, if you do not, you may depend his bullets go straight."

"Let us be going, we may stand here many a day and not get a sight of him."

"That we may."

They took up their rifles and started slowly up the mountain sides, keeping within the shadow of the rocks and trees.

They came to where the mountain peaks and huge bowlders seemed to have been swirled and piled by some fantastic fury. The trees and bushes had grown up about them, concealing many an awful precipice and making the path decidedly dangerous.

There was a roaring cataract which nearly deafened the two mountaineers.

On their left was a vast chasm into which the mountain torrents poured.

Along the edge of the mountain torrent, the two mountaineers were wending their way, when Oschner, who was ahead, suddenly held up his hand, and signaled Bertanni to halt.

He dropped on one knee, and Bertanni, peeping under the outspreading branches of the trees, saw on the opposite side of the chasm, sitting on a large flat stone, a man.

He was a peculiar man. A slender, weazen-faced fellow, who had a gun across his knees, and his belt bristling with pistols. His eagle eye was on a party of tourists, whom he was watching as a hawk watches his prey.

"Bertanni!"

"Oschner!"

"It is he!"

"The robber?"

"Yes."

"It is the same weazen face, the same cruel look?"

"Yes."

Then for awhile both were silent, when Oschner asked:

"Don't the reward say dead or alive?"

"Yes. He is a dangerous man and cannot be taken alive."

Oschner, resting on one knee, and cocking his rifle, brought it to his shoulder.

His eye glanced along the barrel, bringing it to bear directly on the man sitting on the rock, with a gun across his knees.

Bertanni knew that Oschner was a crack shot and had no fears of his missing the mark.

Suddenly the finger pressed the trigger, there came a sharp, quick report.

The mountain robber bounced from the rock, dropped his gun, and tumbled down to the ledge below.

"Oschner, you have killed him."

"Let us go and see him."

It took an hour or more for them to make their way around the head of the gorge and stream, but at last they came upon the spot where the robber had sat.

They looked at the ledge, ten paces below, and saw a serpent-like form all coiled up, broken and mangled by the fall.

When they stretched him out on the ground they found him slender, but very sinewy and evidently strong and active.

The bullet had pierced his heart.

His weazen face and sharp front teeth, with his small, keen eyes, gave him a singular appearance.

The dead man was beyond doubt Jacquez.

* * * * * * *

Reader, we have told our story of wrong.

Dreyfus was convicted to save the army officers, but the president of France, may he live long, pardoned him.

He joined his wife and children, whom he loved so well, and went to Switzerland to regain his health.

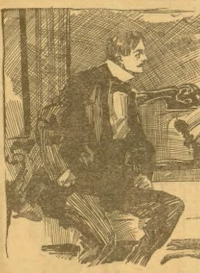
When he left France the Baroness de Delden returned to Paris and the White Lady disappeared. Esterhazy is in England, and the traducers of the victim of Devil's island are today fugitives from justice, or under a ban.

In a quiet little mountain village a few weeks ago a small party arrived and went to the hotel. There were three men, one woman, and two children.

That pale, emaciated man, who sits silent before the glowing fire, as if brooding o'er his wrongs, is Dreyfus.

(The end.)

## IMMEDIATELY.



He—I am going to kiss you when I go.
She—Leave the house at once!

## The Real Boer.

Neither Paul Kruger and his political followers, nor the dwellers in the cities and towns of the Transvaal should be considered typical representatives of the Boers as viewed by a writer in the New York Sun, who evidently has a personal knowledge of the people he describes. The true Boer despises cities and towns. He is, essentially, a farmer and a hunter. While brusque and suspicious in manner toward strangers, his confidence once gained, he is hospitality itself.

He works leisurely. He does not yearn for wealth, is satisfied with today, and trusts the future to God. He is religious, with the stern spiritual fervor of the Covenanter. He reads little save the bible, and this he thinks is sacredly obligatory. As the day closes, he assembles his family in prayer and praise, and ere daylight is fairly gone, the household is asleep.

He has no amusements, and no diversions except in hunting. On Majuba Day—the anniversary of the battle in which the English were whipped—he, with friends and neighbors, meet in celebration. There is no noise, drunkenness or disorder. It is simply an occasion for quiet, triumphant thanksgiving and a little patriotic oratory.

At stated periods he repairs with his family to the nearest church in observance of Nachtmal—equivalent to the Scottish "Communion Day"—and camping out among the assembled brethren and sister of the faith, they enjoy for several days a happy season of religious and social intercourse. His love of country is intense, and splendid marksman that he is, she finds in him a competent and ready defender. At the call to arms, every male capable of bearing them takes rifle and horse and hurries to the rendezvous of his district. Their pastors meet with them and with prayers and psalms the farmer soldiers march to battle in defense of native land. Such is the real Boer, and such he might continue to be, if what he considers the accursed gold had never been discovered in his country.

## How He Crossed the Bridge.

The unaffected modesty which marks the best type of courage is one of the most winning traits a man can have, be he soldier or civilian. During a recent battle in the Philippines, a Kansas regiment was brought to a halt at a wrecked bridge. The trying situation is thus described by a hero of the war, Lieutenant-Colonel Little:

"As the colonel was across and my battalion at the head of the column, my bugler, Berry of Company F and I, were the first to reach the bridge, and, of course, the first to cross.

"I've read of men crossing bridges under fire at the head of columns, and supposed the sensation was peculiar. It is not. A man simply tries to paddle along as fast as he can, and get across. I beat Berry over, but we haven't decided yet whether I was the braver or the worse scared."

## Shrwed Advice.

The virtues of a keen business man are often negative rather than positive. It is said that a great broker once told his son that only two things were necessary to make a great financier.

"And what are those, papa?" the son asked.

"Honesty and sagacity."

"But what do you consider the mark of honesty to be?"

"Always to keep your word."

"And the mark of sagacity?"

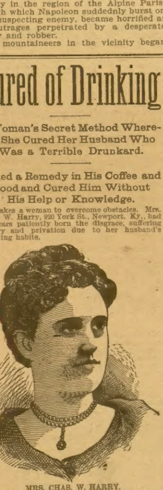
"Never to give your word."

Cured of Drinking

A Woman's Secret Method Whereby She Cured Her Husband Who Was a Terrible Drunkard.

Mixed a Remedy in His Coffee and Food and Cured Him Without His Help or Knowledge.

It takes a woman to overcome obstacles. Mrs. Chas. W. Harry, 920 York St., Newport, Ky., had for years patiently born the disgrace, suffering misery and privation due to her husband's drinking habits.



MRS. CHAS. W. HARRY.

Learning there was a cure for drunkenness which she could give her husband secretly, she decided to try it. She mixed it in his food and coffee and as the remedy is odorless and tasteless he never knew what it was that so quickly relieved the craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up in flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly and they now have a happy home. Mr. Harry was told about his wife's experiment and he gives her the credit of having restored him to his senses. It is certainly a remarkable remedy, cures a man without his effort, does him no harm and causes him no suffering whatever.

Dr. Haines, the discoverer, will send a sample of this grand remedy free to all who will write for it. Enough of the remedy is mailed free to show how it is used in tea, coffee or food and that it will cure the dreaded habit quietly and permanently. Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1080 Glenn Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail a free sample of the remedy to you, securely sealed in a plain wrapper, also full directions how to use it, books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to aid you in saving those near and dear to you from a life of degradation and ultimate poverty and disgrace.

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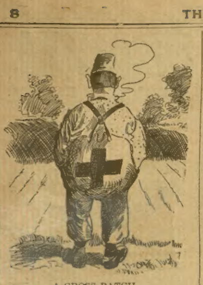


A CROSS PATCH.

## A Liberal Offer.

Dr. J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek, Mich., the noted lecturer and traveler, one of the very best physicians in this country, in order to enlarge his already extensive practice and to aid the sick, makes a very liberal offer to those who are ill, whom other physicians, with less experience, have been powerless to cure. His offer can be found on page 2.

### Confirmed Spinster.

"Marry you?" the young woman scornfully exclaimed. "I wouldn't marry you if you were——"

"Jupiter Olympus, the czar of Russia, or the Count of Monte Cristo?" sarcastically interrupted the young man.

"No!" she rejoined, with increasing scorn. "Not even if you were the man who sent Dewey to the Philippines."

### A Dangerous Man.

Halfback—We ought to get that young freshman from Oklahoma on the football team.

Center Ruh—Why?

Halfback—The boys tried to haze him last night, and six of them are in the hospital today.

## Whiskey Free.

The Hoyt Distilling Co. of Cincinnati have such confidence in the high merits of their ten-year-old Pure Kentucky Whiskey that they offer to send a sample free with every order for four quarts, in order that you may test it before paying one cent. See their advertisement on page 5.

### Wonderful Developement.

Watts—The development of the sense of touch in the blind is something always a wonder to me.

Gotrox—I have it pretty well developed myself. I have got so I can tell a borrower two blocks away.

### Objected to the "Coon Song."

"Whut's wat you wah singin'?" asked the old man.

"Dat's de lates' coon song," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"Well, you oughter go on 'bout yoh work, stid o' makin' yohself laughable tryin' to 'mitate white folks' way."

### Unavoidable.

Reporter—Was the accident unavoidable?

Railroad President—Certainly, sir, certainly. No one to blame. You see, the watchman had two crossings to look after, half a mile apart. You can't expect a man to be in two places at once, can you?

### Easily Identified.

Yeast—I think I came up in the car with your wife yesterday.

Crimsonbeak—Did you notice her teeth?

Yeast—No; she didn't open her mouth once.

Crimsonbeak—Oh, well, it wasn't my wife, then.

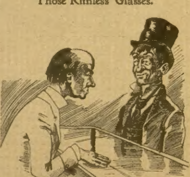
Prof. L. A. Harraden, of Jackson, Mich., the greatest Hypnotist of the century, has just issued in book form a large and exhausted TREATISE, OR INSTRUCTOR IN HYPNOTISM, covering the whole ground of his science, and he will send it while the edition lasts absolutely FREE TO ALL, who apply. The book is profusely illustrated, containing hundreds of beautiful and artistic engravings, and shows as never was done before the principles, features, wonders and uses of this mysterious science, all in a popular style. It tells you just what Hypnotism is and what you may accomplish with it. It shows you how you may sway the minds of others, perform astounding feats and produce amusement by the hour. New and instantaneous methods. Success absolutely guaranteed. Remember this grand work costs you nothing. It benefits everybody who reads it. It places you in touch with the wonder-science of the age. It is absolutely FREE. Read his ad on page 15.

### Change of Appearance.

"Isn't he stuck up? Why, he doesn't recognize the girls now that he was so thick with at the shore last summer."

"No wonder. Those same girls look quite civilized now."

## Those Rimless Glasses.



"Shay, can you tell me wasser masser—hic—these glasses? I dropped 'em—now can't see thro' 'em. They mus' need fixin'."

### Her Point of View.

He—That tall young man dancing with Miss Dashing was originally intended for the church, I understand.

She—Indeed! Judging from his appearance I could easily imagine that he had been cut out for the steeple.

**To Cure Piles and Female Diseases.**
I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It never fails to cure any of the various diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhœa, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc., or the piles from any cause or either sex. I will gladly mail a box of this wonderful medicine free to every sufferer. Mrs. C. B. MILLER, Box 108, Kokomo, Ind

### An Honest Criticism.

Author—Now, I want your honest opinion. Tell me what faults you see in my book.

Friend—Well, for one thing, I think the covers are too far apart.

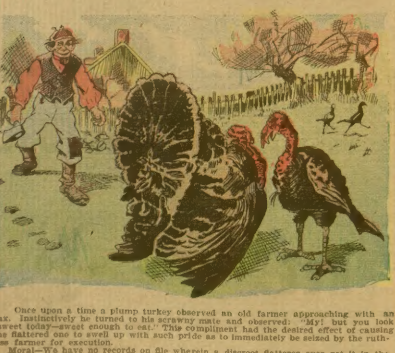
**TO CURE LAGRIPPE IN TWO DAYS**
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

### Neck of the House.

The husband said: "I'm the authority—the head of the house."

"I'm the neck," replied his wife. "I can turn the head any way I please."

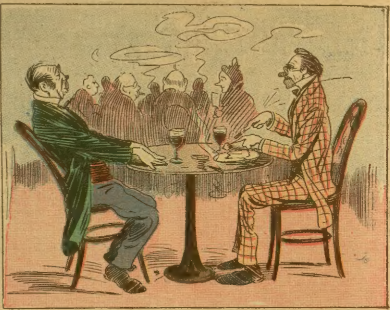
## FLATTERY.



Once upon a time a plump turkey observed an old farmer approaching with an ax. Instinctively he turned to his scrawny mate and observed: "My! but you look sweet today—sweet enough to eat." This compliment had the desired effect of causing the flattered one to swell up with such pride as to immediately be seized by the ruthless farmer for execution.

Moral—We have no records on file wherein a discreet flatterer ever got it in the neck.

## IT SPOKE FOR ITSELF.



Casey—Phat's thot sthuff yure eatin', perfesser?
Professor Schmidt—Limburger.
Casey—Limburger, is it? Well, be hivins! Oi understhand now what Foley meant whin he said thot yez Dutch were sthrong in yure likes an' yure dislikes.

## ONE HONEST MAN.

DEAR EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that if written to confidentially, I will mail in a sealed letter the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor after long years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, Night Losses, Impotency, Weak Shrunken Parts and all the pernicious effects of self-abuse and early indiscretion.

I have no scheme to extort money from anyone whomsoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address C. Johnson, Box 108, Delray, Mich.

### A Funeral, Nevertheless.

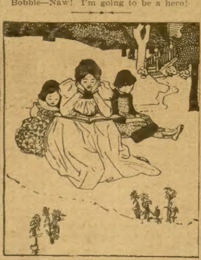
The Boss—See here, Jimmie! I thought you told me your grandmother was dead when I let you off yesterday?

The Office Boy—Yes, sir, she is dead; be'n dead four years. But 'twas the Phillies got laid out yistiddy.

### According to Greatness.

Uncle Dick—I hope you are a good boy in school, Bobbie.

Bobbie—Naw! I'm going to be a hero!



Mamma—I'm very sorry, but I shall have to send you both to bed without any supper, for you have not learned your lessons.

Edie—If you're really sorry, ma, have something for supper we don't like.

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### His Satisfactory Explanation.

"I am told," said Blanche to Ethel, "that the doctor has been examining your eyes."

"Yes."

"What was the result?"

"He seemed to be perfectly satisfied. He said he always did prefer blue eyes."

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Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

### An Artist.

"My wife has just completed a handsome piano cover," said Hickby. "Does your wife do any fancy work?"

"Does she do fancy work?" roared H. Peck. "You ought to see her when I go home late from the lodge."

### Nautical.

There was a young maid from Poughkeepsie
Who went for a bath in the deep sea.
A crab nabbed her toe
And wouldn't let go,
And its bite made her dainty flesh creep.
See?

### Poor Consolation.

"Stone walls do not a prison make," quoted the prison visitor.

"Maybe not," said the convict, "but they make it darned hard fer a feller to get out."

### Where a Pull Counted.

"Those two dentists have had a contest to see which one extracted the most teeth in a month."

"How did it come out?"

"Oh, it was a draw."

## Important to Young Writers.

Your story or verse may have been rejected for purely technical reasons, not because it lacked merit. We have formed an association, the members of which are entitled to examination and editing of their writings by men of 20 years successful literary experience, who will also tell you the periodicals that will accept your work. Half of the rejections of stories and verse are due to ignorance of technical matters, or not sending your MSS. to the right publications. On receipt of $1 you will be entitled to the service of this association, and if we do not place you in a way to make money from your work we will refund you your dollar. Our editors are regular magazine contributors; one won a $3,500 prize award. Successful men are those that can point the way to success. Writers' Experience Association, 1215 Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

### Proof of Greatness

Mistah Smiff—Dat Aggernaldo am a wondahful man!

Mistah Mose—Indeed, he am! I can't fo' de life ob me se how dat niggah gits his wool to stan' up pompadour.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children** teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

### An Extraordinary Case.

Knicker—See that fellow who just went into the bank? Well, five years ago he was sweeping the floors of that very institution.

Becker—And now he is——

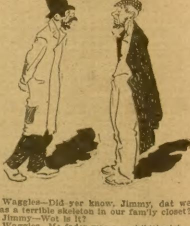
Knicker—Doing it still.

### An Exception.

The Philosopher—A young man should begin at the bottom and work his way up.

The Youth—I can't very well do that. I am apprenticed to a well-digger.

## A Dread Secret.



Waggles—Did yer know, Jimmy, dat we has a terrible skeleton in our fam'ly closet?

Jimmy—Wot is it?

Waggles—Me fader was a prohibitionist.

# BIERBINGLESPITZ AND BOOMPTIGGLESPOOFEN

in Their One-Act Sketch,

# "NOTHING AT ALL."

By GEORGE V. HOBART.

"Vell!"

"Vell, uf id is vell vy is id vell ven dare is no necessitation abouid vedder is id vell or ain't id?"

"Oxcoos der pardon vot I make you, bud vas you nod Niblick, der gulluf player?"

"Nein; I am Schmidt, der sissage maker."

"Vell, I vas sure dare vas somedings abouid you vot suchchestioned der links. I haf yust met up mit a man vot made a resemblance to you."

"Let me ad his face I vant to smish him a kick in der trouserings."

"Doan'd botheration yourself. I knocked him down ven he set id. Dit you make enchoyment uf your trib to der seasideshore? Ain'd id luffly to vatch der skurf rolling ofer der brokers? Ach, Himmel! I like to vatch der silfer waves come tumbling in!"

"Ja, bud I doan'd like to vatch der silfer dollars go tumbling ouid. I haf sefen inwitations to took dinner dis veek."

"Vot a skinches! Vill you pul your face behind dem all?"

"Vell, I vould like to exchangement abouid four uf dem for breakfast. Vot is der name uf dot young feller vot made a gonversation ad you on Broatvay dis morning?"

"Id is a segret."

"Vich vay is id a segret?"

"Because he is a Roosian und no vun bud himself can make pronouncement uf his name."

"Vell, somedime ven I haf seen dot fellow before I haf nodiced who is he."

"He conducts der elevathor in a soda vater fountain."

"I thought I recognitioned his fizz. Your mother-in-law has been sickness, ain'd id? Did her wisit to der seaside shore haf der desirable effect?"

"Ja; she married off her two singleness daughters. I hobe vot you doan'd objection to my smoking?"

"Nod uf you doan'd objection to my béing illness. Vait, Bierbinglespitz, vait! I haf no objection to your stanting on vun feets, bud doan'd use my feets ven you dit id. I saw Spoofensplitz order a drink yesterday. He yust rapped on der bar und der barkeepist gafe him vot he vanted midouid asking vot id is."

"Vot a vonderfulness! Does he always yust make rappings ven his thirst climbs ouid uf his neck?"

"Only ven he vishes viskey. He makes spirit raps. Dit you recollection Diffenboogleslup's daughter?"

"Ja; I reminiscent her very well. She vas very delicate before she vent to riding a bisoockle veel."

"Vell, she is indelicate enough now. I see vot dare vas a man in Chicago arrestettet for kissing his wife."

"Dit you mean arrestationed?"

"To me you vas a lunacy. I mean vot I say I mean ven I set id so. Dare vas a man in Chicago arrestettet for kissing his vife."

"Vell, id is nuddings. I know a lod uf huspants dot a voman ought to be arrestationed for kissing dem. I am all mixtured ub abouid Chorge Vashington's family historicals, und id makes me vorried vare is der insideness uf my prain."

"Vot a small place to make a vorryments. Vot is der madder abouid Chorge Vashington's family historicals vare you vas mixtured?"

"Id is a sadness."

"Vy is id a sadness in der mixture?"

"Vell, uf Englant vas der mother country, und der Union Sdades vas der daughter country, und dey got a diforce und den Chorge Vashington vas der father uf der country, who gets der alimony?"

"I am struck mit a thunder."

"Id is not a thunder. You vas frightened mit vot is before you."

"Vot is before me ven I am stanting behind id?"

"Id is your face."

"Doan'd make your elbows ub in a laugh ad me, Boomptigglespoofen! I vill nod permission anyvun to use me as der udder ent uf a choke. Dit you information, Hans Bauerduffenspiggle, dot I could nod tolt der truth uf I tried?"

"Id is an outrageousness! I vould nod dink uf saying such a ding!"

"I am gladness to listen ad vot I hear."

"I vould nod dink uf saying dot you could nod tolt der truth, because——"

"Vell, vy is der becauseness?"

"Because I doan'd dink you haf efer tried."

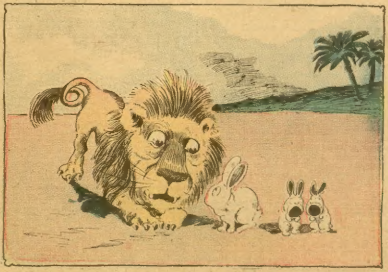
"I refusal to gonversation mit a man vot says nuddings ven he makes speakings mit der vords vich he is talking abouid."

"To me you vas an indifference, und ven you vas ouid uf my sight id delightfuls me to loog ad you und nod see you."

"Raw rewar!"

"Id pleasures me to repetition id—raw rewar!"—New York Journal.

## A REQUEST.



Mamma Rabbit—Mr. Lion, would you please roar for the twins? I can't do anything to keep them quiet."

◆

## An Innocent Critic.

Governor Roosevelt is always glad of a laugh. A short time ago he enjoyed an opportunity and paid for it. The incident happened while he was visiting Cornell university during a convention. The students, glad of a chance to display their enthusiasm, entertained the governor at one of the fraternity houses. Just as he was about to leave, one of his staff said to him:

"Governor, the boys have the foundation of a capital library, and I think they would appreciate a copy of your 'Rough Riders.'"

"All right, boys," said the governor, heartily. "I'll be glad to send you a copy with my compliments. The book would be but a small return for your hospitality."

Whereupon one of the students broke in, excitedly:

"That's so, governor; I've read it."

◆

## Almost a Suicide.

Biggs—I nearly killed my barber this morning.

Boggs—Judging from the appearance of your face I should say he nearly killed you.

Biggs—It amounts to the same thing. I shave myself.

◆

## After the Concert.

"Doesn't he play with a great deal of expression?"

"I should say so. He made up more than forty different faces."

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THE LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for THE LEDGER unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell this paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of THE LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

## TRADE UNIONS AND TRUSTS.

Much significance attaches to an editorial on trusts in a recent issue of the American Federationist, the organ of the American Federation of Labor, edited by Samuel Gompers, president of the federation. This editorial says:

"Organized labor is deeply concerned regarding the 'swift and intense concentration of industries,' and realizes that unless successfully confronted by an equal or superior power there is economic danger and political subjugation in store for all. But organized labor looks with apprehension at the many panaceas and remedies offered by theorists to curb the growth and development or destroy the combinations of industry. We have seen those who knew little of statecraft and less of economics urge the adoption of laws to 'regulate' interstate commerce and laws to 'prevent' combinations and trusts, and we have also seen that these measures, when enacted, have been the very instruments employed to deprive labor of the benefit of organized effort, while at the same time they have simply proved incentives to more subtly and surely lubricate the wheels of capital's combination. For our part, we are convinced that the state is not capable of preventing the legitimate development of natural concentration of industry. All the propositions to do so which have come under our observation would beyond doubt react with greater force and injury upon the working people of our country than upon the trusts."

The remedies for trust ills, as suggested by Mr. Gompers in this editorial, are counter organization on the part of the workingmen and such effective control of government by the masses as will prevent the use of the power of the state to strengthen the hands of the trusts. Mr. Gompers knows the sentiment of the trade unionists of the country and undoubtedly he represents their views correctly when he expresses opposition to repressive legislation against trusts. If his remedy for their evils is, as it appears to be, legislation designed merely to deprive trusts of the special governmental privileges which contribute to their repressive power his position is well chosen and in harmony with the best thought on this important subject.

A picture of Dewey during the civil war has been published, in which the admiral is shown with whiskers like those of General Otis, but as he was young at the time it should not be counted against him.

The Transvaal can have the belt as the champion featherweight of nations without a fight.

# THE GEM OF THE TRANSVAAL

## OR FOR LOVE OF A BOER MAIDEN

By CAPTAIN ROBERT MAYNARD.

Begun in No. 46, November 11. Subscriptions can begin with that date, or back numbers can be procured from our agents or by mail from the office of publication.

### CHAPTER VII.

### DAVIS AND HIS DOG DISCOVERED.

As the dangers thickened about the two imperiled men, the coolness and unconcern of the Boer seemed more conspicuous.

"Do you hear those sounds?" Dick whispered.

"Ya-as," was the unconcerned answer.

"They have surrounded us, hemmed us in, Hans. Now, I don't want you to be implicated in my trouble. Ride out of here and leave me to die alone, for I don't intend to surrender."

"Maybe ve bedder gone avay."

"Can we without meeting the soldiers?"

"Ya-as."

"Then let us be going."

"Vell, coome mit me and ve go."

The Boer wheeled his horse about and in the darkness seemed riding right into the solid face of the cliff.

Dick, without having the least idea where he was going, followed him.

Square up against the great black wall they came and the Boer went on and Dick followed. He heard something like the scraping of vines and leaves, as if a great mass of these had been pulled aside, and the voice of Hans said in a low tone:

"You ride straight aheat; you vill soon sthop, und I come mit you."

Nightshade was given his rein and went slowly and carefully forward, while the darkness seemed to grow more and more intense every moment. It was impossible for him to see an inch before him.

After a few moments he heard the curtain of vines dropped back to their place and the sound of horse's feet near.

The clash of a horse's steel-shod foot on the stony floor beneath sounded hollow and Dick came to the conclusion that they had entered a cavern.

This was confirmed as Hans struck a match and lighted a torch, when the vast walls and stalactites in the roof overhead glittered in the light.

The ceiling was so lofty that they could ride erect.

"Can we go through this way?" Dick asked.

"Ya-as!"

"On our horses?"

The Boer grunted assent.

"How far is it?"

"Boud a mile."

"You have been through it?"

"Ya-as."

The solemn Boer took the lead with his torch giving forth a broad flame.

Dick followed, wondering at the mountaineer's forethought in bringing the torch.

Where had he kept it concealed all this time, so that Dick had not even a suspicion that he carried it about him?

Long they tramped the cavern, the hollow echo of their horses' hoofs on the stone bottom ringing through the cavern.

At last they came to an opening leading out into a sort of valley.

"Where are we now, Hans?" Dick asked.

"Back on de udder side."

"Nearer Kimberly than when we started?"

"Well, ya-as, some nearer."

"You mean we are between the British and Kimberly?"

"Ya-as, we couldn't get through it any udder way."

They were now in a clear spot where the stars could be seen overhead.

Dick thought they had as well remain where they were until mornig and Hans agreed with him.

They tied their horses out to graze and sat down in the shadows of some mountain oaks to await the dawn of day.

Occasionally they could hear the howling of wild beasts, and sat throughout most of the night with their guns cocked waiting an attack.

By turns they managed to snatch a little sleep.

When morning dawned Hans rose, yawned, and stretched his gigantic form upward until he seemed to grow a foot higher.

"Do you see or hear anything of the soldiers?" Dick sleepily asked, as he sat nodding at the root of a tree.

"No."

"Hans, what have we for breakfast?"

"Oh, blendy, we got blendy," Hans answered.

Dick started to his feet and rubbed his eyes.

"Come, let us find some place to attend to our morning ablutions," said Dick. "Let us wash."

"Coome mit de spring den."

Only a few yards away they found a spring of clear, cool water gushing out of the mountain side.

Here Dick washed his face and hands and wiped them with a large pocket handkerchief, which he carried with him, and then they sat down upon the grass to eat their breakfast.

"Hans, this is delightful," said the fugitive. "I have a ravenous appetite after my long ride in the mountains."

"Ya-as, it vas goot."

"Who prepared this food?"

"Eloise."

"Heaven bless her; I hope I may never have a worse cook."

Hans continued to eat, and paid no heed to what Dick said.

They had almost finished their breakfast when there suddenly rang out from the bluff above them a distant report, and a ball whizzed through the air and struck the ground near where they sat, scattering the dust and gravel about them.

Looking up to the point of the cliff from whence the shot came they saw a British soldier standing there holding a gun in his hand.

In a moment the impulsive Dick had leveled his carbine at him, but Hans seized his arm, saying:

"Dond do dot, Richard, or may be bye and bye you wish you wouldn't, because de Britisher cand hit you mit dot distance bedween you both."

"You are right, Hans; but there are more coming; we must get out of their range at once."

They each seized their horses, saddles and bridles and ran behind a spur of rocky cliff.

Crack! Crack!

Carbines above were speaking out spitefully and the balls digging up the earth near them.

"Dot vos doo close to be funny," muttered Hans, as a ball knocked his broad-brimmed sombrero from his head.

But they got behind a cliff where they were momentarily safe, and quickly saddled their horses.

"Hans, do you hear a noise to the west?"

"Ya-as."

"What is it like?"

"Like horses."

"We are headed off in that direction."

"I 'spect dat vos so."

"And we are cut off from the east?"

"Ya-as."

"What are we to do?"

"Go some odder way."

"The mountains seem full of the infernal soldiers, and they have cut us off."

Hans coolly mounted his hardy mountain horse and started down a narrow pass. Dick followed him.

Hans Van Brom was so thoroughly acquainted with every foot of the mountain country that he knew paths unknown to the soldiers, and the devious, intricate mazes of the labarynth made it almost impossible for a stranger to follows where Hans lead.

As a result the soldiers were thrown off the trail and the fugitives at noon were again free of pursuers.

They were now in the wildest, most picturesque mountain region of all South Africa. The serrated peaks of mountains were on every side, hemming in the green bowers and deep cavernous gorges which lay around them.

Within that mountain wild, surrounded by crags and peaks in which the eagle found a home, they were secure.

Though war might rage at any other point, in this region, the hardy mountaineer would be at peace.

"We can resd here undil de Britishers vas gond avay," said the young Boer.

They were in a small level spot of almost an acre, on which grew short, green grass, tender and sweet, for their horses to feed upon.

There were mountain streams at which they could slake their thirst. Their horses were left to graze and the two fugitives threw themselves on the ground under the shade of a tree.

"Hans, I almost feel guilty at bringing you to face all these dangers."

"No, dot vas nodings," Hans answered, lighting his pipe and proceeding to smoke.

Suddenly Nightshade lifted up his head, sniffed the air uneasily, causing Dick to start to his feet and seize his gun.

"Hans, some one is approaching," cried Dick.

"Ya-as, I dink so minezelf," Hans declared, without evincing the least excitement.

With his rifle in his hand Dick crept to the narrow path through the cliff, seeming only a deep crevice cut in the rock, which was overgrown with bushes and hanging vines.

Here he paused and listened. He kneeled upon the ground and turned his ear to the cliff.

The sound of horse's feet coming down the rocky path could be distinctly heard. Dick clutched his rifle closely while his heart beat wildly.

Was farther retreat possible?

He turned and gave Hans an imploring gaze. That individual provokingly unconcerned in all things, was still smoking his pipe.

He had taken up his gun and was standing out in the open glade. The horses, having first sniffed the distrubed air, were now quietly grazing upon the grass, though Nightshade occasionally gave an anxious sniff of the air tainted no doubt by the approach of a stranger.

Within that small glade the air had the hue of twilight even at noon day.

The mountain cliffs were so tall all about them, and the foliage of ferns and bushes so dense that the sun seldom reached that spot, but all vegetable plants that love heat and damp grew in abundance.

The narrow rocky defile, adown which some one was coming, was so densely covered with ferns and cucuis that one could not see the entrance to it.

A veil of green-painted canvas could not have more effectually screened the opening.

They waited, doubting, fearing and dreading something they knew not what, while the clash, clash, clash of horse's steel-shod feet could be heard coming down the path toward them.

Dick fell back so he could talk with his companion.

"Hans, who is it?"

"I dond know."

"No doubt it's a Britton. Now, Hans, I don't want to bring any trouble upon you. Do you go away and leave me. There is but one coming and I shall shoot him at sight."

"Ya-as," Hans drawled, carelessly, "I 'spect dot is so."

"Will you go away?"

"Um-bye-m-bye."

And Hans continued to smoke with provoking unconcern.

The horseman had stopped now, for though Dick listened carefully, he could hear no sound of him.

Once he thought he heard a footstep.

Was it possible that his foe had dismounted and was creeping up to shoot him from an ambush.

The vale was very quiet.

He heard a stone fall rattling down the narrow, steep defile.

It had certainly been distrubed by a foot, whether of beast or man he could not say.

Then he heard a slight rustling as if the ferns were carefully parted. No doubt it was some one trying to poke a gun through and shoot him down.

In a moment his rifle was leveled in the direction of the sound.

Then he heard a rustling above and looking up he saw a sight that was calculated to freeze the blood in his veins. A face with a wide, blood-red mouth and two glaring eyes, were on a neck fully six feet long. It was the face of a human, but the neck of a giraffe.

Quick as thought he leveled his gun at that mysterious head and pulled the trigger. There was a sharp report and the head was shattered into many fragments, while a low laugh came from behind the ferns, and the pole on which the goblin face had been held was dropped.

Next moment a pair of hands appeared through the ferns, holding out a white, woolly dog, while a familiar voice said:

"A peace offering; will you accept it?"

"Davis! Davis! Elmer Davis! Is it you?" cried Dick.

"Ha! ha! ha! Dick, the treat is on you this time," cried Davis, stepping out into full view with Jingle under his arm, and leading his horse. "Say, old boy, my goblin head on the pole drew your fire. Well, no wonder. These African calobashes, a little chalk and red clay can fix up a pretty good looking devil. Hello, who have you here?"

### CHAPTER VIII.

### WAR-TAKING SIDES.

"That is Hans Van Brom, my friend."

"How are you, Hans? Do you speak our lingo, or must I warble to you in Dutch?" asked the reckless fellow, grasping his hand.

"Dot vos yust us you blease," Hans returned, smoking his pipe with the gravity of his race.

"Oh, you can speak English? Well, that's all right; glad of it, for I am afraid that I should make a mess of my Boer Dutch and half Kaffir lingo."

"Where have you been, Elmer, since I saw you?" asked Dick.

"Where have I been? Where have I not been? You might ask me some easier question than that, for to save my life I can't tell where I have been. Mountains, forests, rocks, wild cascades, gorges, precipices, crags and peaks. Ye Gods, such a land. Why, I will never get out of it again!"

"Perhaps you never would if you were left alone; but Hans can lead us out."

"I wish to heaven he would."

"We can't go now."

"Why?"

"The mountains swarm with soldiers."

"Does any one know that more than I? Why, haven't I been chasing them all over creation?"

"Chasing them?"

"Yes, and made them run their best."

"Indeed."

"But I was in front," laughed Elmer.

"I see."

"It's a much easier matter to make an enemy run if you are in front than behind. But, Dick, I learned some news last night."

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"What is it?"

"Let me bring my horse in here to graze while I chin you fellows."

Davis brought his horse into the vale and soon had him tethered out to graze while he sat down and lighting his pipe, said:

"Last night, while it was darker than a stack of black cats, I was attracted to a light in the distance. I very naturally supposed that some of my pursuers were bivouacked. I dismounted and tied my horse to a tree, then crept slowly and carefully through the bushes and over the hard stones toward the light.

"Any one who has tried to go through an African mountain forest on a dark night might know how difficult it is.

"But I made it, and sure enough, I came upon a group of the pursuers about a camp fire. I crept to within twenty feet of them, where I lay behind a bowlder buried in the ferns and as secure as if I had been a hundred miles away, though near enough to hear the lowest utterances. Now, what do you suppose they were talking about."

"About you and I?"

"Well, I guess nit! They were talking of war."

"With whom?"

"The Boers. The Transvaal, it seems, has at last brought things to a focus, and Oom Paul has issued an ultimatum to the British to remove their troops from his frontier in forty-eight hours or trouble will commence.

This was a little startling to Dick. He knew that the feeling between Great Britain and the South African republics had been somewhat strained ever since the Jameson raid, which had been instigated by Cecil Rhodes himself.

The British army, occupying the frontier, had been a constant menace to the Boers and they were anxious to get rid of them

The British were claiming suzerainty over the republic, and complaining of illegal and unjust methods used by the Boers in the conduct of their government. The uitlanders, or foreigners, in the Transvaal government were denied the right to vote, and the Dutch language alone was taught in public schools. There was in the Orange Free State, however, no cause for complaint, as the uitlanders, or foreigners, were allowed the elective franchise. The tax of only two per cent on the gold taken from the mines was seven per cent less than is charged by Canada for gold mined in the Klondike. The Dutch in Transvaal claimed they had a right to rule their government as they pleased and if English uitlanders did not like their methods they were at perfect liberty to go whithersoever they pleased.

While the two nations were badgering each other, the Transvaalites under Paul Kruger became restless.

"The soldiers I heard last night had just received orders to return to Kimberly, where the commanding officer, Powell, is making every preparation possible to defend the place."

"Against what?"

"The Boer army."

They have no army."

"They had none yesterday, but they have one today of twenty thousand, I'll warrant, and lem me tell ye when those Beors shoot they usually hit. Why, I've seen 'em bring down an antelope at a distance of two and three thousand yards, and I wouldn't want 'em to shoot at me at four thousand, with those guns of theirs."

They remained over night in the mountain pass and next morning started across the range.

They met no soldiers and arrived at the conclusion that their pursuers had been drawn away to Kimberly.

"We are safe now, Dick," Elmer declared.

"Perhaps we are and perhaps we are not. If these two nations get at war with each other we may be forced to take sides, and which side will we take? We are English by blood ties."

"Oh, yes, away back yonder, but we denied the relationship long ago, at Lexington and Bunker Hill."

"Yes, yes, that's true."

"And then I'm not apt to turn about and fight for the people who tried to send me to jail nor shoot at men who were my friends. Then there is a pretty little Boer girl over in the Transvaal who has strong demands on me."

"Yes, I am in the same situation. But your diamonds; what have you done with them?"

"I have them safe and will give them to Joan."

That day they met a party of armed Boers, mounted on rugged ponies which had been ridden hard.

They were fifty in number and seemed very grave and determined while they discussed in their native tongue some subjects with Hans. The Americans, who understood very little of the Boer language, were unable to comprehend what was said, though they could easily surmise.

"Dick," said Elmer, "I'll bet my old white hat war has been declared."

"It looks that way."

"These fellows are not carrying sporting guns. It looks as if those Mausers meant business."

"They do."

"Don't they look savage?"

"No wonder the British got out the way."

At last Hans got through talking with the armed body and Dick asked

"What is the trouble, Hans'"

"Dar vas var und de fighdin will begin soon."

"Between the Brittons and the Boers?"

"Yah, dat vas so."

"Hans, what were they talking about us for? I could see from their looks that we furnished a part of the topic of conversation."

"Ya-as, dey wand to know who you vas."

"Did they think we were British?"

"Ya-as und dey wand to know which side you vill dake in dis var."

"Do we have to choose one side or the other, Hans?"

"Ya-as."

"Can't we remain neutral?"

"No," shaking his head mysteriously. "De Boers be goin' to fighd very hard and no one sthays in dis country unless he will fighd mit us."

They were riding slowly along behind the mounted Boers, whose horses trotted or cantered along the road raising a cloud of dust.

Occasionally one of the animals paused to nip a few blades of the tall grass which grew close on either side of the road.

Dick turned to Elmer and said:

"Elmer, we will have to make our choice or leave South Africa."

"Where would we go?"

"To Durban."

"Good Lord, and fall into the hands of the English. Oh, no! I can't do that. Cecil Rhodes would have me flayed alive if I was to fall into his power."

"I believe you are right."

"Now, if I could get on that piece of tapestry I used to read about in the Arabian Knights, and by wishing transport myself to central Kansas, I could send Mr. Rhodes a polite note bidding him go to h—l. But I don't happen to have that valuable bit of tapestry and I seem to be in a d—l of a fix.'

"Yes. Hans, where are you going now?"

"I am going home to join my gumpony. Den fader will dake all back into the Transvaal for zafety."

"You are going to fight the English, Hans?"

"Ya-as."

Hans was such a peaceful fellow, so averse to quarreling or tumult that it hardly seemed possible that he would make a soldier.

But those peaceful, quiet citizens usually make the best soldiers. Hans was quiet, but that peaceful demeanor only concealed a disposition that was terrible when roused.

The Americans rode slowly behind the Boer cavalcade, each busily engaged with his own thoughts.

Dick was determined to see Eloise once more and perhaps she would help him in arriving at his decision.

They reached the home of the Boer the next morning and found everything in the wildest confusion. Captain Knowles, the British officer, had gone away, and Herr Diedrich Van Brom was loading his wagons and sending his furniture and family back into the Transvaal

Dick saw Eloise standing under the banyan tree and galloping up to her, dismounted.

"Eloise!"

"Richard!" and the beautiful Boer maiden sprang into his arms.

Further chapters of this story of life in that country which is now the theater of a sanguinary war, will appear next week. The Ledger's offer of free cameras and patterns appears on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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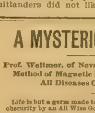

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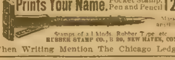

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## The Golden Skull.

(Continued from page five.)

And then, with a hand-clasp, the two parted.

The girl stood peering through the darkness as long as she could catch a glimpse of the tall, manly figure.

"How grand and noble he is," she whispered, "and he is the handsomest man I ever saw. I can never forget him—never cease to love him until I die!"

She turned slowly and retraced her steps to the old house, entering her own room by means of its one small window. She had hardly thrown herself down upon the bed, when there was a sound overhead—and loud exclamations and curses. Evidently Rex's flight had been discovered. Directly there was a loud rapping at the door of her room. Madge arose and approached it.

"Who's there, and what do you want?" she demanded; and old Granny Bunting answered her:

"Come out o' thar you limb o' satan! Whar's the stranger?"

Madge unbolted the door and stood before the angry old woman.

"Gone—has he?" queried the girl, "well, it serves you right. And, let me tell you, it it a good thing for you, granny, if he has gotten away. For, I believe, his friends would have come here in search of him, and it would have been the worse for you."

With a muttered curse, the old hag darted forward and struck the girl a heavy blow with her clenched fist. Without a cry or a groan, Madge fell to the floor unconscious. The last tangible thought that floated through her brain was: "Thank heaven, he is safe!"

Trembling with rage, old Granny Bunting returned to her boon companions

Bill's dark face grew black as night as he listened to his mother's story of Rex's escape, and her belief that Madge had assisted him

"I'll [illegible] her tomorrorw," cried Bill; "she needs a master, curse her. And she'll get one, too, when I get her tied fast.

His growling and surly temper seemed to arouse Zeba from the deathlike stupor in which he had lain all this time. Or, perhaps, he had slept off the effects of the drugs. At all events, he raised himself up slowly, and carefully buttoned the long coat that he wore. In garments of modern fashion he looked quite unlike the East Indian who had served John Ainsworth faithfully for years, until the sight of the treasure, which Ainsworth had found in the old bungalow, had aroused Zeba's cupidity, and he had secretly determined to gain possession of it.

He crept stealthily to the door, his eager ears taking in every word that passed. Once outside he glanced all about him. No sign of any living presence. The East Indian fell upon his knees and placed his ear to the ground. What he heard, or imagined he heard, seemed to satisfy him. He thrust his hand into the pocket of his coat and drew forth a box which he proceeded to open. By the faint light of the stars which had begun to creep forth one by one, he examined the contents of the box. Three cone-shaped pyramids of some odd, grayish material. A snaky gleam lit up the East Indian's eyes.

"Let me get near him. I ask no more!" he said, softly. "I saw the bag—there is no mistake; he has the treasure, the rajah's jewels, in that bag. But he will not have them long! Zeba has sworn it—the great Brahma will help Zeba.

He prostrated himself upon the ground, face downward, and lay still for a moment. Then he arose to his feet and moved stealthily away, like a tiger on the track of its victim. He tok the same road that Rex had been directed by Madge to take, and plunged into the forest.

His deep-set eyes burned with a keen light; his lithe frame trembled with excitement; once in a while his slim, dark hand went into a pocket and touched the glittering weapon hidden there. Surely, that is the sound of footsteps hastening over the hard, frozen ground? The East Indian's dark face lighted up.

"It is he. Ah, he need not hope to escape." But he knew nothing of the subtility of the East Indian, and his determination. One could as well turn the current of the sea as hope to turn the East Indian from his prey. "This boy has done me no harm, but he has the jewels—he has the rajah's jewels—and they shall be mine. I have sworn it!"

The night, which had been intensely dark, seemed somehow to suddenly grow lighter. Or, perhaps, it only seemed so, for when one has remained out under the midnight sky for some time, one gets accustomed to the darkness.

Rex Davenport was observing this fact as he trudged along, the traveling bag in one hand, a stout stick in the other.

All at once he heard, or fancied he heard, the sound of stealthy footsteps. It might be some animal, he thought, and the thought was not a pleasant one. He came to a pause, at length, to listen. As he did so, the East Indian sprang from the thicket near, and with a swift, dextrous movement, wrenched the bag from Rex Davenport's hand, and disappeared in the depths of the darksome forest.

Further chapters of this highly interesting story will appear next week. Prospective advertisers will find our announcement of premiums on pages thirteen and fifteen.

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"Well, you see," he said, "they gave us our pistols. Mine appeared to be all right. I looked at the cap, the trigger—everything was in order. But it didn't go off."

"Why didn't it?"

"Because I went off."

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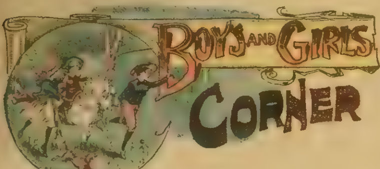

# A GREAT HAUL.

## *The Story of Dick Dart and the Postoffice Thieves---Pluck of a Boy Detective.*

By RAVELL PINKERTON.

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### CHAPTER XI.

### INTO A WELL AND OUT.

The spot where horse and rider had fallen was in the midst of a number of short bushes.

Dick had to pick his way forward and this took several seconds of precious time.

The side of the dead animal gained, Dick looked at the masked man.

"Take that!"

Crack! went a pistol, and Dick felt a stinging sensation in his left leg.

He had been struck in the thigh.

But he was game, and now flung himself bodily on the masked man.

In the darkness the mask was ripped off, yet the young detective could see but little of the villain's face.

Over and over in the grass and bushes rolled the pair in deadly embrace.

First Dick was on top and then the other.

But such a fight cannot last forever.

With a herculean effort the robber hurled Dick from him.

As he went down, Dick drew his pistol.

But he never had a chance to use it.

The struggle had occurred close to the mouth of the old disused well.

As Dick went backward, one foot struck into the bushes which concealed the opening.

He started to save himself, the robber looked on in amazement.

A crash and a crackling of dry twigs, and then with a thump Dick Dart brought up at the bottom of the old well.

He had fallen a distance of twenty-five feet, and, in consequence, he was considerably shaken up.

The robber stared in amazement at the turn affairs had taken.

At first he did not know what to make of it.

Then, as the truth dawned upon him, he chuckled to himself.

"Fortune favors me tonight, that's certain," he said, half-aloud.

He crawled to the edge of the old well.

All he could see was a black hole.

Lighting a match, he threw it down.

It landed on Dick Dart's chest, and the brief flareup showed the robber the state of affairs.

"I'll fix him now," he muttered.

"Say, Dick Dart," he called out.

"Well?" queried Dick; he was too shaken up to say more.

"How do you like being in a well?"

"Not at all."

"It's a dandy place to cool off in."

"I prefer something better."

"No doubt; but we can't all have our choice in this world."

"Help me out."

"Not by a jugful! I'm going to help you stay there!"

"You rascal, what do you mean?"

"You'll soon see. If I could lift him, I'd drop that dead horse down on top of you."

The robber disappeared from the mouth of the well.

Knowing what was coming, Dick endeavored to prepare himself for it.

A number of sticks and bushes had come down the hole with him.

These things he now piled on top of himself, just as high as he possibly could.

Scarcely had he finished when the robber came back.

In one hand he carried a stone and in the other a large lump of dirt.

Crash! crash! came the things down on top of the sticks and brush.

More dirt and stones followed, until the well was about half filled.

The rascal seemed to take delight in thus burying Dick Dart alive.

He hunted around in the dark until no more loose dirt or stones were to be found.

Then he paused at the mouth of the well.

"Dick Dart!" he called out.

No answer came back.

Again he called, putting his mouth down into the opening.

All remained as silent as a tomb.

"I reckon I've fixed him this trip," he said to himself. "Won't the boys be pleased when I tell them my story."

He arose to his feet and looked carefully around the field.

Not a soul was in sight.

He gazed at the dead horse.

"That beast will tell some tale, I suppose," he said to himself, "but that can't be helped. I reckon it's about time I got out of this. That woman may send somebody out on the hunt."

He had dropped something when the horse went down. Now he lit a match and searched for it.

It took some time to find what he had lost. But at last he had it, and then he started to leave the open field.

"Dick Dart may be smart, but he is no match for me," he murmured to himself, as he hurried on. "It will be a long day before any detective gets the best of the postoffice thieves. I wonder what his friends will say, when he turns up missing?"

Away he went, over the rocks and through the bushes, until the vicinity was left far behind.

It certainly looked as if Dick Dart had at last reached the end of his famous career on earth.

### CHAPTER XII.

### DICK DART'S NEW MOVE.

Dick Dart had been left to his fate at the bottom of the old well.

The masked man had piled dirt and stones on his body and then hurried away as fast as his legs could carry him.

He felt sure that Dick Dart would bother him no more.

Several minutes of absolute silence followed his departure.

Then a rattle was heard down at the bottom of the well.

Dick Dart was moving about in an endeavor to save his life.

He had heard the man call to him, but had considered it the best policy to remain silent.

Down in the well the young millionaire detective was pretty well cramped for room.

Fortunately the bushes had had pulled down on top of him gave him sufficient space in which to breathe.

Strange to say, the bottom of the well was almost dry.

As there had been a number of very recent rains, Dick thought this odd.

Suddenly he jumped to a conclusion, which proved correct.

The bottom of the well had some outlet.

That was the reason the opening had been abandoned.

He turned around and felt of the sides with one hand or the other.

The turning was laborious. A single false movement and the weight of rocks and dirt above might have settled down and crushed him.

Bitterly Dick denounced himself for not having been more on his guard when attacking the man in the black mask.

"I must be losing my wits," he said to himself. "This case is too strong for me—I'll have to turn it over to somebody else."

But though he thought thus he really did not mean to do anything of the kind. Dick Dart had too much backbone to give up while yet the slightest spark of hope of success remained.

In feeling around his hand soon came in contact with a spot from which several of the well stones had dropped away. In the spot were several small tree branches and a mass of half decayed leaves.

The young millionaire detective pulled on the branches and they came away, bringing the damp leaves with them. A circular hole was left in the side of the well, and through this rushed a draught of cold air.

"That must communicate with the outside world," reasoned Dick. "And as I can't go up very well, I wonder if I can crawl through the opening?"

No sooner thought than attempted. The opening at the well was large enough to admit him and beyond it varied in size.

He crawled along on his stomach a distance of fifty feet, and was about to give up in despair and turn back to the well when a dim light ahead struck his eyes.

On he went, digging like a mole, and a quarter of an hour later emerged into the open at the bottom of a gully, where flowed a liberal supply of spring water.

Thankful for his miraculous escape, Dick took a drink, washed his hands and face and brushed his clothing. Ten minutes later he was hunting for some trace of the man in the black mask.

Failing to find a clue he returned to Giles Chalmer's late residence. Mary Breen was still up. Strange to say, instead of alarming the neighbors, she had closed the house to await the return of Dick Dart.

"Did you catch him?" she asked, eagerly.

"No."

"Too bad! He got the papers!"

"All of them?"

"No, only one or two."

"Where are the rest?"

"Here, sir. I believe I can trust you with them."

"You can," replied the young millionaire detective.

He examined the papers with great care. Try his best, he could make out but little, excepting that they referred to property which had been left to somebody by the name of Richard Haslett with the proviso that Giles Chalmers was to have control of the property until the said Richard Haslett was thirty years of age.

"Do you know Richard Haslett?" asked Dick of Mary Breen.

"Richard Haslett," replied the woman, slowly. "Well, I don't know him personally, but I know of him."

"Who is he?"

"He was a distant relative on Mrs. Chalmers' side."

"Was he ever in Columbus?"

"Not as I know of, sir. You see, the two families never had much to do with each other."

"Why not?"

"There was some dispute about property, I believe."

Dick Dart asked no more questions. He put the papers back into the desk.

Had he gained another clue in this mystery?

It looked like it.

But apparent clues were often misleading.

He must go slow.

Locking up the desk as best he could, Dick made a survey of the library and the rest of the house.

Mary Breen plied him with questions and he admitted to her that he was working in the interests of the law.

It was daylight when Dick Dart left the residence.

He repaired to the hotel, packed his valise, and was soon on his way to the depot.

Here he took the train for Philadelphia.

He was on his way to find out what he could about the blue mask.

It had been made by one Chris Anders, and perhaps the maker could tell him something concerning its purchaser.

### CHAPTER XIII.

### AN ADVENTURE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Dick Dart spent the day on the train. He was too tired to give the case on hand much thought, so he took it easy in the parlor car, sleeping during the greater part of the ride.

Arriving in the Quaker City he made his way to the police headquarters, where he was well known.

Here he interviewed one of the officials concerning Chris Anders, the costume maker.

"Chris Anders was formerly a crook," said the officer.

"From where?"

"Peoria."

"How long has he been in Philadelphia?"

"A year."

"Is he straight now?"

"Pretends to be."

"You know nothing against him?"

"Nothing."

The conversation was short and to the point.

Dick Dart left headquarters and walked to the costumer's place of business. It was a dingy and dirty shop, situated on the second floor of a dilapidated row of business buildings.

"I wish to see Mr. Anders," he said to the old man who greeted him as he entered.

"Chris vos owit," was the reply, in an unmistakeable German tone.

"When will he be back?"

"I can't say, sir. Vat you vants? Maype I can do der business for you?"

"I want to see about getting a mask," said Dick, lowering his voice and winking.

"Vot kind of a mask?"

"A blue mask. Have you any on hand?"

"Certainly, mine friend."

The old German rummaged around, and finally brought forth a box containing a number of black masks and two blue ones.

Dick examined the blue masks and found they were of the identical pattern with that picked up in the church yard.

"This is the kind of mask I want," he

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said, slowly. "That is, if there are not too many of them out already."

"Dere vos only von out of dem, sir."

"Only one?"

"Yes, sir. It vos a new battern and Chris and me only make dree of dem to see how da sell."

"Who bought the other one?" asked Dick, carelessly.

The old German looked over a book.

"Mr. John Rockley."

"Do you know him?"

"No, sir."

"What kind of a looking man is he?"

"Dark, mit a long beard."

"Don't know him." Dick appeared to think the matter over. "I guess I'm safe in taking one of these masks. Is this John Rockley anywhere around here?"

"I can't vos say, sir."

The German wrapped one of the blue masks in paper.

"Seventy-fife cents, blease."

As he did this, two men came in.

One was evidently the proprietor of the place.

The other was a man who wore a heavy beard and also a fierce mustache.

Dick Dart eyed the latter keenly.

Where had he seen that face before?

Suddenly he remembered. The fellow was the same that had robbed the letter box at Columbus.

What was he doing in Chris Ander's resort?

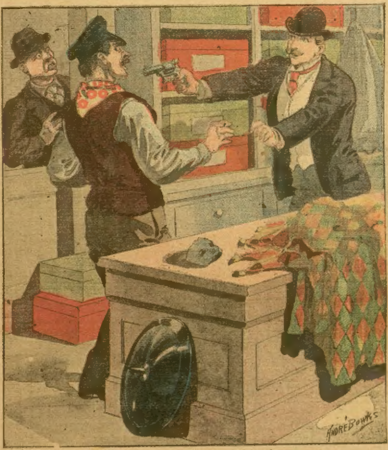
The costume maker and the newcomer walked into a side room.

In the meantime the old German had prepared to leave. Evidently he was just minding the shop during Chris Ander's absence.

Dick Dart walked out and downstairs with the old man.

Then, as soon as the old fellow was out of sight, the young millionaire detective returned to the place of business.

There was a bell on the door, but it did not work very good, and with a stick Dick prevented its ringing when he opened the door.



"By thunder! help!" he cried in alarm.

He sneaked in and hid behind a counter. Chris Anders and the newcomer were conversing in the side room and as the partition was only seven or eight feet high, Dick could hear plainly all that was being said.

"Well, how goes it, Roxey?" asked Chris Anders.

"Fairly well," was the reply.

"Is the gang prosperous?"

"Yes and no. We've had a heap of trouble lately in fighting shy of the police."

"How is Lakes?"

Roxey muttered something under his breath.

"Mark Lakes don't suit me any more," he growled.

"Why not?"

"He's above the gang, that's why. My belief is, that he is trying to shake the whole crowd."

"Going it on his own hook?"

"Yes."

"Maybe he's got a private deal on that will pay him better?"

"The gang ought to jump on him, if he has," growled Roxey. "They always stood by him, and he has no right to go back on them now."

"That's so. How are Stanhope and the rest?"

"Oh, Roger is true blue every time. He is in with the gang every deal."

"He used to be a good one."

"He is yet. He has done several jobs all alone that couldn't be beat for neatness, and when he was done he didn't hesitate to divvy up with the others."

"That's the kind of a member to have, Roxey," laughed Chris Anders.

"You bet. But, say, they sent me down on business."

"More business?"

"Exactly. We've had so much fighting lately that the old masks are all worn out."

"Fighting with the police?"

"Yes, and with a detective named Dick Dart."

"Dick Dart? I've heard of him. He must be a terror."

"Not now."

"What do you mean by that?"

"He's dead."

"Oh, I see. Well, about the masks; how many do you want?"

"A dozen."

"Same as the others?"

"Exactly."

"All right; I'll get them for you."

Chris Anders sprang up and came out into the shop.

He walked behind one of the counters and pulled out a box.

"This is a good mask," he said to Roxey, who had followed him, "but I've got a better one for a little more money."

"Let me see them, Chris."

"I will."

Chris Anders moved along the counter until he stood directly before where Dick was in hiding.

Presently he bent down to get a box from beneath.

"By thunder! Help!" he cried in alarm.

And small wonder, for he had found himself looking into the muzzle of the young detective's pistol.

### CHAPTER XIV.

### A HOT CHASE.

Dick Dart had anticipated discovery, and now he had one of the two men covered with his pistol.

"Who are you?" demanded Chris Anders, as he backed away, and Dick bobbed up above the counter.

"Dick Dart!" howled Roxey. "Gee!"

"Is this Dick Dart?"

"Yes, and they said he was dead!"

"Well, he isn't dead just now," laughed Chris Anders, nervously. "Put down that pistol," he went on to the young detective.

"Not just yet, Anders," replied Dick Dart.

"I haven't done anything," blustered the costume maker.

"You are in league with Roxey and the rest of the postoffice thieves."

"I am not!"

"We won't argue that point. Do you surrender?"

"I suppose I'll have to," replied the ex-crook.

"Very well. Now, Roxey——"

The words were scarcely out of Dick Dart's mouth when the man addressed stooped behind a packing box standing near the door.

Whizz! A slungshot came hissing alongside of Dick Dart's head. Then Roxey made a bolt for the door.

Dick did not hesitate as to what to do.

It was of more importance to him to capture Roxey than to keep Chris Anders a prisoner.

He darted after Roxey like a flash.

The rascal was thoroughly scared.

He considered Dick a wizard to escape death so many times.

He went down the stairs pell-mell, four and five steps at a time, landing at the bottom with a crash.

Picking himself up, he darted through the hallway below to the rear.

Dick Dart was in hot pursuit.

Roxey glanced around anxiously. A small court yard was before him.

There was a high board fence separating the court yard from a factory yard.

Over this fence bounced Roxey just as Dick gained the back door.

The young millionaire saw him disappear and three seconds later he also was at the fence.

It was well for him that he was on his guard, for as he placed his hands on the top of the fence Roxey essayed to crack his knuckles with a club.

He missed Dick's fingers, however, and ran with might and main into the factory.

It was the beginning of the noon hour and the place was practically deserted.

Roxey was a stranger to the place and not knowing where else to go, ran upstairs.

Dick heard the clatter of his feet and on entering the factory had no difficulty in tracing the villain's flight.

Arriving on the upper floor, he looked around.

Roxey was out of sight.

He advanced cautiously into the room.

Suddenly Roxey leaped out from behind a big machine.

He held something in his hand which he threw at Dick.

The young detective dodged, but was struck and partly stunned.

Then Roxey leaped upon him and bore him to the floor.

He struck Dick several times before our hero had a chance to recover.

Then with a terrible look in his face, Roxey dragged Dick to a window.

His intention was only too plain.

He intended to hurl the young detective on the stone pavement of the yard below.

Such an act could mean but one thing for Dick Dart—death.

### CHAPTER XV.

### DICK DART MAKES A CAPTURE.

For fully ten seconds Dick Dart's life hung in the balance.

He was partly unconscious, and while in this condition Roxey intended to hurl him from the upper window of the factory.

But just as the mad rascal succeeded in raising the young detective's body to the sill Dick came to his senses.

With marvelous rapidity the true situation burst upon his mind, and turning partly over on the sill he caught Roxey by one wrist, and held fast.

As quick as a flash the rascal endeavored to beat Dick loose, striking him several severe blows in the face.

But it was of no avail. If he was strong, so was the young millionaire detective, and before much damage could be done, Dick Dart was on the floor beside him.

Seeing the situation was turning against him, Roxey began to lose heart, being at the bottom a coward. He let go his hold and started again to run away.

He got no further than the factory yard. Dick came behind him, and on the pavement the young detective tripped him up.

"Let me go!" howled Roxey, now thoroughly scared.

Dick made no reply. With a dexterous twist he kept the rascal on the pavement and there handcuffed him.

The factory hands gathered around and demanded to know what it all meant.

"I am a detective and I want this man, that's all," replied Dick, briefly, and marched Roxey off to the nearest police station.

Here the prisoner was searched. Nothing of value was found on him but a slip of paper mentioning a meeting place of the postoffice thieves to take place that night in Philadelphia. It was to be an important meeting, and all must be there.

"And I'll be there, too," said Dick Dart to himself, grimly.

Dick Dart tried to question the prisoner but could get little or nothing out of him.

"I ain't talking, see!" growled Roxey, and he would say no more.

A little while later Dick Dart held a secret conference with the police authorities. It was decided that Roxey's capture should not be made known outside of the officers in charge of him.

This done, Dick Dart went back to Chris Anders' place of business.

He found it locked up and deserted. The ex-crook had taken time by the forelock and skipped out.

The young detective was not surprised at this. He might have traced Anders up, but thought that, just then, it would be time wasted.

The place where the gang was to meet was a notorious resort not far from the Delaware river, kept by a man named Phil Delaney. He was an ex-prize fighter, and had been in jajil several times.

Donning the disguise of a longshoreman, Dick Dart sallied forth after dinner to inspect the neighborhood, and see if he could

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catch any of the gang on the fly, so to speak.

He had been in the neighborhood about a quarter of an hour, when he made a curious discovery.

Another man was hanging around the resort, also on the watch.

The other man was a slim-built individual, and looked worried and nervous.

"He's no detective," thought Dick; "and he don't look very much like a criminal."

He watched the fellow for a while longer.

As he stood near a lamp-post he saw the other fellow pass a saloon down the side street.

Here was congregated a number of the worst toughs to be found in the Quaker City.

As the man passed by two fellows came up to him.

"Wot's der time, boss?" asked one.

"About 2 o'clock," was the reply, and the man attempted to go on.

"Stop a minit," put in the second tough. "We're kinder particular, boss, about that time. Give it to us a little closer."

The man stopped and with some hesitation, brought out a gold watch.

No sooner was it in his hand than one of the toughs caught him around the waist, while the second snatched the watch away.

"Stop! Police!" yelled the robbed man.

In vain he struggled to free himself. The tough who held him was strong and his grip was good.

In the meantime the other fellow got the watch, broke it from the chain, and arted to run.

Dick Dart was about to rush in upon the ene, when he suddenly changed his mind.

The thief with the watch was coming toward him.

The young detective waited until the rascal was close at hand, and then he put out his hand and caught the tough by the wrist.

A single turn and the thief yelled with pain.

"Gee, boss! Don't break me wrist! Oh, oh, let up, will yer?"

"Keep quiet, and I won't hurt you," was Dick's stern reply. "Hand over that watch!"

"What watch?"

"The one you just slipped into your inside pocket."

"Ain't got no watch."

"No? We'll see."

Dick gave the fellow's wrist another twist. A shriek of pain, and a couple of dirty tears forced themselves down the tough's cheeks.

"Gee, boss, please, don't!" he screamed. "Yer a reg'lar Sampson, boss! Don't twist me arm off! Oh, oh!"

"Will you hand over the watch?"

"Yes."

"All right, then."

Dick let up on the twisting process and the tough, with many a groan, produced the timepiece.

"Don't have me arrested, boss," he whined. "It's de first time I did anything, I swear it is."

By this time the man who had been robbed was coming up. The second tough had slunk out of sight.

"My watch! My watch!"

"Here you are," replied Dick. "Do you want to have this fellow arrested?"

"I don't know." The man looked perplexed. "No, I don't want the trouble of making a charge. Kick him and let him go."

"You can do the kicking act," replied Dick, and the man went at the tough with vigor, until the latter was only too glad to take to his heels.

Then Dick Dart turned to the man with great interest to question him. The young detective had seen the man's name engraved on the case of the gold watch and felt that the individual was connected in some way with the important case which he was working to bring to a conclusion.

This thrilling story of adventure will be continued next week. The Ledger's free offer of cameras and patterns appears on pages thirteen and fifteen.

### Discussion Becoming Personal.

"When I married you," exclaimed the indignant wife, "you hadn't a cent to your name!"

"I haven't now, either, madam," he howled. "It's all in your name."

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

### ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

### You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were cured quickly, some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in the public view. As a C. S. healer, my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 13 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, and whatever be your bodily ailment, or whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hinderance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a COPY FREE. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage.

S. A. JEFFERSON, C. S. B., Room 21, Fairbanks Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

# Free Help

FOR

# WEAK MEN.

## "CALTHOS"

### Prof. Laborde's Marvelous French Cure for Lost Manhood.

**Five (5) Days' Trial Treatment**

**Sent Absolutely Free By Sealed Mail To All Sufferers.**

**NO C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.**

The only preparation known to science which really cures Lost Manhood is "*CALTHOS*," the marvelous French remedy discovered by Prof. Jules Laborde. It is controlled in this country by the Von Mohl Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a concern which occupies a high and honorable place in the world of medicine. It is one of the largest and most responsible houses in Cincinnati, as anyone who is acquainted in that city will testify.

The Von Mohl Company invites all men suffering from Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhoea, Varicocele, Small Parts or Weakness of any nature in the Nerves or Sexual Organs, to send their names and receive a five days' treatment. This will prove the wonderful vitalizing powers of "*CALTHOS.*" After using it five days the sufferers will find new vigor in their organs, new force in their muscles, new blood in their veins, new ambition, and rapid progress toward the buoyant feelings and sensations of younger days.

This liberal free offer is genuine. There is no swindling C. O. D. or deposit scheme connected with it. The five days' treatment is sent by sealed mail to all on request, wrapped in a plain package, and full printed instructions accompany the medicine, so that each patient becomes his own doctor and cures himself at home.

It doesn't make any difference what caused the weakness—whether bad habits in youth, or excess, or overwork, or business troubles. "*CALTHOS*" will effect a cure, no matter what big name the disease may be called by doctors.

The Von Mohl Company treats all correspondence in perfect confidence. Under no conditions will it make public the names of the thousands who have written testimonials telling of their restoration to robust manhood after other medicines and appliances have proved worthless. "*CALTHOS*" is regularly used in the French and German armies, and the soldiers in those countries have come to be perfect models of strength and vitality. Cures are effected at all ages from twenty to eighty years. There is no case (except where the stage of epilepsy or insanity has been reached) which it will not radically, quickly and permanently cure. Sexual weakness does not cure itself. It grows worse from week to week. Each day aggravates the mental and physical anguish. Send today for the free five days' trial treatment. If it helps you, more of the medicine can be purchased. If it does not help, no harm is done and no money has been paid out. You can send your name in the full knowledge that it will be kept from all. The "*CALTHOS*" department of our business is strictly confidential. Address applications for trial treatment, etc.

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**Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.**

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### A Blind Letter.

Miscellaneous correspondence is a heavy burden upon public men. They are bombarded with letters from admirers and critics alike. To answer unnecessry communications is to court a continuance of the evil. The argument was long urged upon the late Bishop of Wakefield, England, who felt it to be a part of his duty to answer every letter he received, even though its writer was evidently insane.

On this last score the bishop's friends protested vigorously, but the good man replied:

"Well, poor things, I don't fancy many people write to them, and perhaps my letters give them a little pleasure."

Occasionally a perfectly sane letter gave the recipient more trouble than the most elaborate effusion of a crazed mind. The bishop's son and biographer prints a sample communication exactly reproduced.

"May it please your Lordship.

"To inform me my Lord whether I have a Legal Right to a Grave or not, supposing my Grandfather on my Mother's side, my Lordship, and the said Grandfather had no son, and my mother was the eldest daughter and I am my Mother's Oldest Child and only Son, my Lordship, who would, become into possession of the said Grave my Lordship, supposing my Father looses my Mother, my Lordship, has he a Legal Right to bury my Mother, in the said Grave, if it is not left, in the aforesaid, Grandfather's Will, my Lordship, hasn't the aforesaid grandfather's Grandson the Legal Right of the said Grave, my Lordship, has a Son-in-law a Legal Right, before a Grandson, to the said Grave, my Lordship, has my sister a Legal Right to have my Father buryed in the same Grave, my Lordship, without the consent of her Brother, my Lordship, is that Grave invested with Vicar's Rights, so that no one can interfear with the said Grave, my Lordship, the said Grave has a Head Stone on it, and there was a certain amount of Fees to be paid, before, the said Vicar allows the said stone to be put over the Grave, my Lordship, would not that Grave devolve and become Freehold Property, my Lordship, may it please your Grace to send me a reply.

"From yours truly ———"

The letter was deciphered, and the anxious inquirer got his reply.

### Winter Tourist Rates

To Cuba, Florida, Gulf Coast Points, and all Inland Southern Winter Resorts, via "Big Four Route." Commencing October 15th, and continuing until April 30, 1900, tickets will be on sale from all points on the "Big Four Route," good for return passage until May 31, 1900. Take advantage of the low rates and long return limit. For full information and particulars as to rates, tickets, limits, etc., call on Agents "Big Four Route," or address the undersigned.

WARREN J. LYNCH, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

W. P. DEPPE, A. G. P. & T. Agt.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

### Tribute to a Window-Garden.

"Faculty," as New Englanders call it, is a quality that generally exacts admiration. The Washington Post tells of an old colored man who recognized it even in the beauty of a window garden.

The window was a mass of sweet peas in bloom. The mistress of the house was looking carefully at the boxes and snipping off a few dead leaves. The old man evidently perceived that she "knew how," but perhaps he wondered how so much loveliness could come from simple flowers like sweet peas.

"My Lawd," he said, as he turned away, "ef some pussons was to plant a jewsharp it'd come up a planner."

### The New Philippines.

The Philippines is now a familiar name in American ears, but a few people know that the title of the "New Philippines" was once attached to a large area of American soil.

The first settlement in what is now Texas, says the Indianapolis Journal, was made by French emigrants in 1865. During the next twenty-five years there was an intermittent struggle between the French and Spanish for supremacy, resulting in favor of the latter, and in 1814 the name of the "New Philippines" was given to the country.

This was its official name in Spanish records for many years, and until the name Texas, from a tribe of Indians, gradually came into vogue.

### Why They Groan.

"How the trees groan!" exclaimed the romantic maid as the wind swept through the orchard.

"No wonder," chimed in the practical youth. "they're full of green apples you know."

**PERSONAL:**—Any lady or gentleman wishing to correspond with the opposite sex for fun, pastime, improvement or marriage, should write at once to us. We have a large list of persons wishing to correspond. We introduce you by mail. Many pleasant flirtations, warm friends and happy marriages are arranged through us. Everything strictly confidential. We refer to this paper. Address with stamp for reply and membership blanks. Personal Correspondence Club, Box 192, Chicago, Ill.

## The Unlucky Turtle.

"While preparing our evening meal," says Prince Maximilian of Neuwied in his "Tour in Brazil," "and collecting dry wood on the beach, we found a colossal turtle on the point of laying an egg. Nothing could have been more grateful to the hungry company.

"Our presence did not disturb the turtle. Four men lifted it from the ground, but it evinced no other sign of restlessness than puffing and blowing; and the moment it was put down again it began throwing up earth with its fin-like feet. One of our soldiers laid himself on the ground beside the turtle, put his hand in the hole which it had excavated, and threw out the eggs as fast as the animal laid them. About a hundred were collected in this way in ten minutes. This turtle usually lays from ten to twelve dozens of eggs.

"Turtles often crawl up from the sea and travel a distance of from five hundred to a thousand feet on the shore to deposit their eggs. Junghuhu found hundreds of turtle skeletons on the coast of Java, many of them five feet long and three feet broad. Some of them were bleached, but others were fresh and bleeding. In the air multitudes of birds of prey were circling.

"This is the spot where the poor turtles are attacked by wild dogs. These savage animals, in packs of twenty or more, attack every available spot of their luckless victim. They bite its head, paws and tail, and manage to turn it over. They then tear up the stomach shell and feast on the flesh and eggs.

"Sometimes the turtle escapes and reaches the sea, dragging the tugging dogs after it. Sometimes, too, the tiger regales himself on the turtle. Junghuhu's Javanese drove off a tiger which was worrying a turtle, and seized the still living prey, which six men could scarcely carry."

## Distressing.

An anxious looking young man had been standing beside a street mail box for nearly two hours waiting for the carrier to come and take the mail out of the box. When the carrier finally appeared, the young man said:

"See here, I dropped a letter into that box that I've got to have back again."

"Can't have it," replied the postman, as he unlocked the box.

"I can't have it? Why, man, I've got to have it! I wouldn't have that letter go to the person it's addressed to for a million dollars!"

"Can't help that, mister. It's against the law to return a letter after it has been dropped into a mail box. It's government property then until it's given over to the person it is addressed to."

The look of distress on the yong man's face deepened as he said, cajolingly:

"Oh, come now, that's all nonsense in a case like this. I wrote that letter. I can tell you to whom it is addressed, and you can compare the handwriting with mine if you want to. Hand me back that letter and you may select a dozen of the best cigars in the cigar store across the street."

"Do you know that you are trying to bribe a government official? I wouldn't give you the letter for a whole cigar store."

"But, my good fellow, I've got to have that letter. It's one I—there it is! That one in the large, square, cream-tinted envelope. It's this one, and——"

"Hands off, young man, or I'll call a policeman and have you arrested for trying to rob the mails. If the postmaster at the general office wants to give you that letter he can do it. I sha'n't!"

"But, say, now—wait a minute, please wait! I'll tell you exactly what's in that letter, and if you've a spark of feeling you'll give it to me. That letter contains a proposal of marriage, and ten minutes after I'd mailed it, I got an invitation to the young lady's wedding! Think of it! Those are the blood-curdling facts in the case! Now, be merciful enough to let me have that letter."

"Very sorry, but I can't do it," said the postman, with a grin. "But, come along with me and state your case to the postmaster, and maybe he'll think it none of the government's business and give you the letter."

The dejected suitor followed the postman down the street, while the anxious look on his face deepened into one of actual misery.

## Pointed Paragraphs.

Nearly all electricians are circuit judges.

Men of shining intellect are seldom light-headed.

The man who is weighted down with years is under age.

It's useless to invite a man who rides a hobby to take a walk.

If you would live cheap try dwelling in other people's memories.

Prolonged absence sometimes makes the heart grow fonder of the absence.

Sometimes a man can tell what a girl thinks of him by what she doesn't say.

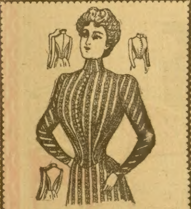
You may be able to patch up a broken heart, but when faith is shattered that's the end of it.

Cold contracts. Probably that is why your pocketbook looks so small after the ice man calls on you.

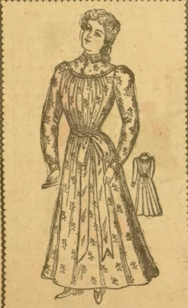
# BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS FREE.

## An Unparalleled Offer.

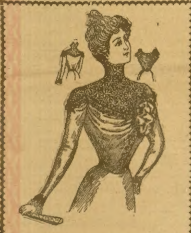
The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. This offer is without an equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once. Give the numbers of the patterns and bust measure desired. Enclose money and address, PATTERN DEPARTMENT, CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.



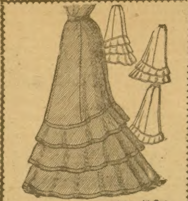
7819—Ladies' Model Basque.
32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust.



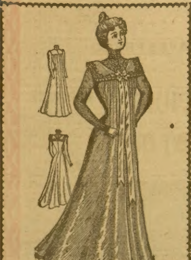
7824—Misses' Wrapper.
12, 14 and 16 years.



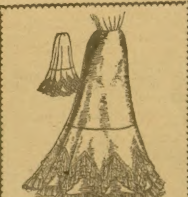
7823—Ladies' Draped Waist.
32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch



—Ladies' Five Gored Skirt, with One, Two or Three Circular Flounces.
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.



7826—Ladies' Wrapper.
32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 inch bust.



—Ladies' Sheath Fitting Petticoat with Circular Flounce.
22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist.

Hypnotism

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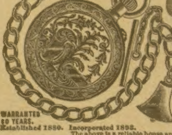
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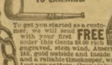

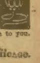

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## "What Would You Do?"

For a jolly company the game of Grievances and Remedies affords much amusement. Each of the players whispers to the person sitting on his right a question beginning "What would you do if—" adding any funny grievance they would like a remedy for. Then to those sitting to the left-hand side they all mention some strange remedy—something to do, or to take, which they may think of.

When all are ready, the leader asks any one he chooses the question he has been asked, and will be given the remedy that was suggested to that player. Sometimes the answers are very suitable and very amusing. The player who answers the first question then puts the question given him to some other person, and so each question is answered, the fun, of course, being in proportion to the wit of the players.

## Clever Canary.

Remarkable cleverness is sometimes displayed by birds "I had a canary," says a gentleman, "between the wires of whose cage I used to fix a piece of lump sugar. One day it dropped out, and, when picked up, was found to be quite wet on one side. This suprised me, and I replaced it in the cage, with the dry side inward, and determined to watch the bird's proceedings. After a few ineffectual attempts on the hard sugar the bird went to the water glass, filled its bill, dropped the water on the sugar, and repeated this several times. When the sugar was thus softened it began to eat it. Apparently here was thought—a calculation of means and use of them."

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FREE NO MONEY WANTED From Your Own Pocket

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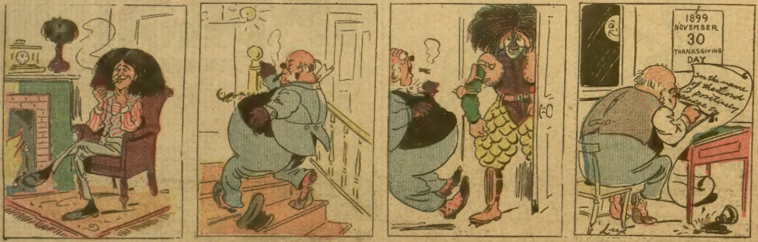
1899
NOVEMBER
30
THANKSGIVING
DAY
In the name of the Lord I positively pledge to

Young Rusher—The great match comes off tomorrow. I can hardly wait. I'll just slip on my fighting harness and let father see how I look when he comes home. He never saw a football costume.

Old Rusher (returning from a club meeting at 3 a. m.)—Guesh they're all gone t' bed. Wouldn't want t' meet anybody when I wash sho shaky as this.

Young Rusher (looking out the door)—Is that you, father?

Old Rusher (in his own room a little later)—By the great horn spoons! When a man sees such things as that in his own house it's time t' lead a new life!

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## Coco's Tail.

In South America there once lived a young monkey named Coco, who spent his time in playing pranks, and even perpetrating cruelties upon his friends and neighbors in the forest. All the animals feared him so much that they organized picket service.

The birds took turns in perching upon the high branches of the trees, and when ever the young monkey made his appearance shrill cries of "Look out! here comes Coco!" resounded on all sides. So he soon found himself deprived of his accustomed pleasure—the plaguing and torturing of animals smaller and weaker than himself.

One afternoon, however, he thought he saw one of the sentinels asleep on the branch of a tree that overhung a stream. He stealthily approached, glancing from right to left, but there was not a cry of alarm.

"At last I shall avenge myself," thought Coco.

He climbed noiselessly to the top of the tree, and, hanging by the end of his tail, let himself carefully down to the branch on which the bird was perched. It was a huge gray bird, with an enormous beak. Coco balanced himself, and with one paw seized the bird's tail and pulled out all the feathers.

The bird screamed and the monkey laughed, but the laugh was suddenly cut short. The bird, at first stupefied by the sudden attack, quickly recovered itself, and, turning, it bit Coco's tail off. Howling with pain Coco fell into the water.

As he limped sorrowfully home he was greeted on all sides by the hissing of serpents and the mocking laughter of birds. His mother dressed the stump of the tail, and tried to console him for his loss by planning the fine revenge they would have.

"No! no!" said Coco; "they might cut off the little that remains of my tail the next time."

The lesson had been profitable. The bird's tail grew out again, but Coco's remained short; and he was always sad, for he was very ugly without his long, graceful tail.

## Was Not Dead.

A fox can counterfeit death in a most extraordinary manner. It will sometimes allow itself to be taken by the brush, or tail, and flung out upon the ground, and, after some time, jump up and take to its heels. On one occasion a man going to his work came upon a fox lying stretched out under some bushes. He drew the creature out by the tail and swung it to and fro, and then threw it upon the ground, but not a sign of life did it show. He then took the fox by the tail and swung it over one shoulder, hanging his mattock over the other, and so trudged along the highway. The fox had shammed death to admiration, but the mattock rendered his present position intolerable, for the point of it came against his ribs. So at last he gave a snap, or bite, which penetrated the flesh at the lower part of the man's back, and forced him instantly to throw his load. At first he could not imagine what had happened, but looking round he saw the fox, which he had imagined to be dead, making off for the nearest thicket at the greatest possible speed.

## Just a Bottle.

Don't throw away that old wine bottle—make it a thing of beauty and a joy, if not forever, at least for many weeks to come. Take some cheap cotton wadding, soak it in oil, and then wrap a thin layer of it evenly around an old wine bottle, beginning at the top and working toward the bottom of the bottle.

Tie it firmly in place with a string at top and bottom. Fill the bottle with water, and then pour plenty of water over and through the wadding.

Buy some water cress seed from the florist and scatter it liberally over the wadding. Put some twisted strands of wool, three or four strands in each wick, and four wicks for each bottle into the bottle, so that they reach to the bottom and hang over the top about three or four inches. These wicks will draw the water up and distribute it drop by drop over the wadding. In three or four days you will find that your bottle is covered with the green sprouts of water cress, and that these sprouts grow very rapidly.

As they grow coarse or long, trim with a pair of old scissors, and you can keep this pretty green ornament as long as you please if you will only refill the bottle with water whenever you find that the wicks cease to distribute the required moisture over the growing plants.

Do not keep the bottle too near the register or stove, and it will last all winter with very little care, giving you a nice green, fresh looking ornament for the sitting room table, if set on a plate to keep the dampness from spoiling the cloth or table.

## Free Speech Fettered.

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Johnnie—I can't tell you, Mr. White. Mamma always whips me if I use bad language.

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